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A WEEK OF THE WORLD

THE BRITISH CABINET CRISIS

At present writing, British and European papers of dates subsequent to the resignation of the Lloyd George Cabinet have not reached this country, but there is abundant prophecy of the coming crisis in the political events that immediately preceded the change of Government. The Joint Council of the Trades Union Congress and the Parliamentary Labor Party, aroused by the apparent imminence of war in the Near East, adopted a resolution on October 9 from which we quote the following: —

We therefore call for the immediate resignation of the Government and the election of a new Parliament as being the only step which can now be taken to secure a fresh and rigorous reconsideration of our position, not only in the Near East, but in all the other pressing home and foreign problems which the Government of our country must face.

Mr. Bonar Law, the new Premier, addressed a letter to the *Times* on October 7, in which he deprecated criticism of the Lloyd George Cabinet in the midst of its Near Eastern difficulties and defended the action of the Government in resisting the advance of the victorious Turkish army. But England could not assume the burden of playing a lone hand in the Near East.

We cannot alone act as the policemen of the world. The financial and social condition of this country makes that impossible. It seems to me, therefore, that our duty is to say plainly to our French Allies that the position in Constantinople and the Straits is as essential a part of the Peace settlement as the arrangement with Germany, and that if they are not prepared to support us there we shall not be able to bear the burden alone, but shall have no alternative except to imitate the Government of the United States and to restrict our attention to the safeguarding of the more immediate interests of the Empire.

The political correspondent of the *Observer*, commenting upon this letter, predicted that if Lloyd George did not resign, his power would be 'markedly diminished,' adding: 'This is the feeling of the great majority of the country — the Unionists, the Laborists, and the bulk of Liberals. . . . No one expects Mr. Lloyd George to remain Prime Minister after a general election.'

Lord Rothermere, writing in the *Sunday Pictorial*, asserted that the country wished 'a complete revision and reconstruction of its foreign policy, on the basis of close coöperation with France and Italy.' The reason is that

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'the stupidities committed by our Government in the Near East and elsewhere are going to cost the taxpayers immense sums.'

The *Morning Post* took malicious delight in the spectacle of Mr. Garvin of the *Observer*, who for many years 'industriously played the part of charwoman of 10 Downing Street,' and 'who has cleaned up so many messes without a murmur,' at last giving notice to his employer.

The *Westminster Gazette* demanded 'a general election at an early date,' and *The Nation and the Athenæum* spoke equally clearly upon this point. Some days prior to the resignation the latter weekly considered that the Coalition's authority was permanently broken.

> Take any test of power you will. To-day, of the serried mass of Mr. George's following in the London press, only one journal of political force remains, and only one metropolitan paper serves him as an organ of publication and defense. Three candidates compete for the votes of an important Welsh constituency. Not one dare call himself a friend of the Coalition.

The Catholic *New Witness*, which seldom agrees with anyone but itself, appears to see little advantage in a change of cabinet. Bonar Law is characterized as a political cynic who confesses that British politics 'are now too corrupt to be cured,' and who belongs to the Colonial-Commercial school.

> Now, for anyone seriously combating that corruption that we call plutocracy, he has no superiority to Mr. Lloyd George. Mr. Law as an individual may be a more serious, a warier, and perhaps a wiser man than Mr. George as an individual; and in spite of all that has been said about our slanders and personalities, we are not and we never have been merely attacking individuals. We are attacking a plutocracy very powerful in wealth and world-wide communications, but in point of fact very negative and negligible in its personnel. Mr. George stands for that plutocracy and Mr. Law stands for that plutocracy.

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THE FASCISTI AND ITALY'S FUTURE

At present the Fascisti are clearly the dominant force in Italian public life. Whether this ascendency is due to a momentary paralysis of the ordinary organs of government, or is but the first stage in a far-reaching revolution, remains to be seen; but their present power is due in no small part to an unstable grouping of parties in Parliament, which made it impossible to set up a strong and determined cabinet.

Hitherto the Fascisti have been mainly a destructive social agency. They have reduced the Socialist-Communist Labor Party nearly to impotence; and having done so, are proceeding to draft its rank and file in amazing numbers into their own ranks. We should bear in mind that Mussolini, the founder and virtual dictator of the Fascisti, was formerly a militant Socialist, and he is reputed to be at heart an enemy of the monarchy.

If the Fascisti do absorb, reorganize, and inspire with new ideals — with the ideals of a hypernationalist socialism rather than an international socialism — the common people of Italy, and forge them into an irresistible political phalanx, what will be the result? Mussolini stated clearly in a recent address in Udine: —

> We design to rule Italy. . . . We shall free the State from its Socialist and Democratic incrustations; and we shall create a State that can say of itself with confidence: 'The Government does not stand for any party, but for the whole community. It embraces all, stands above all, protects all, and turns against anyone who attacks its absolute sovereignty.'

However, Mussolini believes in quality rather than quantity. It is not the

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Fascisti ideal to make their organization all-embracing, but rather to keep it a highly disciplined group of men with common ideals and the resolution to convert these ideals into realities by force of arms if necessary. They employ the theory of terror, but define it as force.

Naturally the Democrats and Liberals are rallying to oppose this new doctrine, and to defend the principles and practices of constitutional government. Their strong card at present is defense of the monarchy, which has a strong hold on the Italian masses. Having crushed their Socialist opponents, the Fascisti have turned against the Popular or Catholic Party, which stands close to the Socialists in respect to many features of its social programme.

The next general election may radically modify the relative standing of the parties in Parliament, and give that body a united group powerful enough to set up a strong government and resolutely to repress extraconstitutional usurpation of political authority. But if a new election merely perpetuates the present political disequilibrium, the Fascisti, with their strong-arm methods, determination, and definite programme, may shape the coming destinies of the country.

The Florence correspondent of the London *Observer*, after explaining that 'so far, since the Armistice, Italy has had only a mirage government: Fascismo means to make it tangible, and to see that the State be respected at home and abroad,' thus describes how Mussolini's forces took possession of Cremona, a Socialist city lying in the rich Lombard plain close to the gliding waters of the Po. One morning the people awoke to find their numbers suddenly doubled by the addition of 30,000 Fascisti —

youths in black shirts and black fezzes, skull and crossbones as their emblem, their motto '*Me ne frego*'; and young girls in short black skirts, white blouses, and jockey caps made of tricolor.

The loggias flanking the cathedral were soon crowded with people; boys sat astride the grim mediæval lions and heads looked out of the small windows above the giant sundial, while thousands of Black Shirts streamed into the piazza for an hour and a half in well-ordered formation. With his habitual quiet rapidity, Mussolini suddenly appeared in the stone pulpit affixed high up against a pier of the Communal Palace, whence demagogues of old had swayed the people of Cremona. There was a roar of welcome: '*Il nostro Duce!*' and the banners were raised on high and waved above the crowd.

'How like he is to a Roman tribune,' exclaimed an officer, as Mussolini stretched out his arm to the crowd, saluting the people in the Roman manner adopted by the Fascisti. His powerful head was thrown back, his stern eye fixed them all as one person. I was more impressed by the religious silence which fell upon the multitude when Mussolini began to speak than by the indescribable enthusiasm when cheering broke loose. He is a great speaker, not an orator. He dominates his audience more by the sheer force of his volcanic personality, which is well under control, than by the force of words. The young men in Italy, full of intense zest for life, and of truculent patriotism, would follow him anywhere at the lift of a finger. In this absorbing love for Italy and pride in her lies their strength, their virtue, and their danger.

The *Universe*, an English Catholic weekly, prints a letter from its Rome correspondent mentioning 'only some of the anti-Catholic activities of the Fascisti': —

The Catholics of Vicenza have called for the protection of the authorities against interference with their liberty to practise their religion; the zealous parish priest of Cappella Cantone, near Cremona, after being insulted and threatened by Fascisti leaders, was ordered to leave the village within forty-eight hours. This order was not obeyed, but the good priest owes his safety to police protection.

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The local Council at Rocca di Papa, near Rome, is *popolare*, in other words Catholic, and that fact has more than once brought on the town and Council evidence of displeasure on the part of Fascisti. A few days ago, at 3 A.M., an invasion of Rocca di Papa took place by a crowd of these persons, who occupied the municipal offices and demanded the resignation of the Council. Several citizens were ill-treated by the invaders. Eventually they were induced to withdraw through the persuasive influence of the police and military.

The *Manchester Guardian*, always on the alert to detect reaction and to condemn extraconstitutional procedure in any cause, thus characterizes the Fascisti editorially: —

For some time past the Fascisti leader Mussolini, who has been attempting to disable and supersede the regular Government of Italy in one of its functions after another, has preached hatred of England with remarkable frankness. The Fascisti, like the 'class war' men of the extreme Left, have as their politics a system of antipathies rather than of enthusiasms. They are extreme Italian nationalists; but their nationalism, like much of the jingoism that all can remember in England, is eminently an affair of aversions, suspicions, and jealousies directed at points outside Italy, rather than of intense affection for things Italian. One of their recent acts of lawlessness was directed against the German population of the Tirol on the pretext that the Italian Government had treated these new subjects of Italy too kindly.

The Fascisti are imperialist rebels against the sanity of their country's Government: it is as if our Tory Die-hards were to get up riots, beat the police, commandeer trains, and break up Labor meetings with their own armed bands. In a sense it is the class war begun by a privileged class, the game of law and order renounced by those who have most to lose by anarchy. It seems just possible that during the coming winter the Fascisti may carry their anarchic progress to its logical conclusion and attempt to take over by force the central machinery of government. The only modern movement bearing any resemblance to Fascismo was the treasonable conspiracy of a much petted and privileged Ulster in 1913 and 1914.

General Ceccherini, who was Gabriel d'Annunzio's chief of staff at Fiume, was a prominent participant in the recent Fascisti convention at Naples, when 40,000 Fascisti soldiers and 50,000 civilian delegates of that society gathered in that city in response to Mussolini's summons to carry the Fascisti movement into Southern Italy. Rumor has it that d'Annunzio has formally allied himself with the Fascisti organization. If so, the rumor that the Italian poet has been 'converted' and proposes to join a monastic order must be premature.

On August 27, d'Annunzio wrote an appeal to the Italian people at the suggestion of his physician, partly for the purpose of assuring his countrymen that he had completely recovered from his recent accident. This was written in the style with which the world became familiar during the war and his Fiume expedition: —

Italy has conquered her Inferno, has purged herself in her Purgatory, and is prepared for her Paradise. . . . To-day Italy is the loftiest ideal force in all the vast world. She must remain so. She must remain so by our efforts throughout the centuries. And if this means that we, as individuals, must die, death will be only glory.

Meanwhile the Socialist Congress, just held at Rome, resulted in a party split, the Bolshevist wing having 32,000 votes, and a Collaborationist wing, which advocates working in harmony with the bourgeois parties, having 29,000 votes. During the violent debate upon this question, some of the members indulged in fisticuffs.

The total number of inscribed members at the Congress was only 73,000, of whom some abstained from voting.

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This is an immense decline from only three years ago, when the United Party, prior to the dissensions sown in its ranks by the Third International and the rise of the Fascisti, claimed over a half-million registered members, and held 153 seats in Parliament, forming the largest group in the Chamber.

AMERICANS ON THE RHINE

A *Manchester Guardian* correspondent, who recently completed a tour of observation in the occupied territories on the Rhine, reports that 'the American occupation is the most tolerable of the four, because it is the smallest and is exercised with tact and leniency.' But this was not always so. When the American volunteers first arrived, they were enthusiastically welcomed by the Germans, as crusaders of President Wilson, and so much fraternizing occurred that our volunteers were speedily withdrawn by the Allied High Command and replaced by American regulars. 'A brutal military discipline was enforced,' and so many German civilians were court-martialed for trivial offenses that everybody asked everybody else, 'Have you been in prison?'

The civilian population also suffered 'from the drunkenness and the violent disposition of the regular troops.' The social evils caused by this type of soldiery were very great. At the same time, the Americans were exceedingly generous; the children were better fed and cared for than in any other section of the occupied territories. 'This act of charity has left a memory that outweighs all memories of violence and severity.'

The third period of the American occupation began toward the end of 1921. Troops were withdrawn, so that now there are only about 1200 left, and these well disciplined and well behaved. Germans who are tried by American court-martial can now employ counsel for their defense. Arrests are very few and sentences light. The press censorship has practically ceased to exist. Soldier and civilian interfere with each other very little. The American army has now been reënforced by 4000 French troops, but they are under American command, so that the complaints heard in the French area are not heard here.

These changing policies probably explain the contradictory accounts that have reached this country of sentiment toward the Americans in Coblenz.

CHINA'S POSTAL SERVICE

THE Chinese post office has recently published its annual report in a de luxe edition, which the *North China Herald* says 'might well be treasured in anyone's library.' The cover is decorated with a photogravure of an unpleasant-looking Mongol pirate, tagged as a 'Mounted Courier on Day and Night Service to Gobi Desert.' He is but one of the many extraordinary servants of the department. Mails are carried by railway trains, motor-trucks, bicycles, mail steamers, launches, airplanes, — against which one military lord protested 'he was not going to have the wretched thing drop letters down on him,' — camels, junks, river boats that run on the Yangtze Rapids, runners carrying their mail sacks on either end of a bamboo yoke, jolting carts drawn by ponies, litters swung between ponies, bullock cars, the ubiquitous wheelbarrow, rafts of inflated buffalo-skins, punts, and probably other means not here noted.

The Chinese Republic boasts of the longest courier-line in the world — 4400 miles, from Peking to Tihwafu, in Chinese Turkestan. Last year, despite civil war, brigandage, and almost unthinkable political chaos, the postal

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department handled 442,000,000 separate articles of mail matter, an increase of nearly 10 per cent over the previous year, and double the quantity six years ago. Within twelve months 4184 post offices were added to the service, making a total of 35,459 within the Republic. Some $68,000,000 worth of interprovincial money-orders were issued. At the end of last year there were but 113 foreigners in the service, as compared with 31,843 Chinese. This organization has been built up from nothing within twenty-five years.

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HUSBANDING THE WORLD'S RESOURCES

SVANTE ARRHENIUS, a distinguished Swedish scientist, has published a work entitled 'Chemistry and Modern Life,' in which he enumerates the principal raw materials and sources of energy upon which our civilization rests, and discusses the possibility of their exhaustion. Naturally there is a definite limit to the raw materials on the globe, but there are available for the uses of mankind practically inexhaustible cosmic sources of energy, like the heat from the sun. Among the raw materials likely to be exhausted first, are iron, copper, zinc, tin, lead, and fossil fuels; and of these petroleum will probably be the first to disappear from human use. Its employment as a lubricant and for light and power should therefore be reduced to a minimum by the timely adoption of devices reducing friction in machinery, and of electricity and alcohol for generating power and for illumination.

While our coal supply may last a thousand years, the exhaustion of the more productive workings may rapidly add to its cost in capital and effort, and lessen its abundance. So there is likely to be a long transition period during which the human race will devise new methods of economizing fuel, and substitutes for our present sources of heat and light. Lead, zinc, and copper are likely to grow scarcer and dearer with great rapidity, until what are now considered rarer metals, like titanium and barium, will be used to supplement them. Our supply of copper, which is used over and over again, may remain almost stable during a long period of minimum production, just sufficient to compensate for unavoidable loss and waste. Aluminum may eventually become the principal substitute for copper, especially as a conductor of electricity.

Of the precious metals, silver is likely to become scarce more rapidly than gold, partly because it is more extensively used in the arts, and partly because the known deposits of gold ores are larger than those of silver. The demand for platinum is already so largely in excess of the present or prospective supply of that metal that the recent steady increase in its price is likely to continue.

Iron is incomparably more important than any other metal for civilized men. At the Geological Congress in Stockholm, in 1910, an inventory of the world's iron resources was made, with very disturbing results. To be sure, this is the most common and widely distributed of metals. It forms 4.2 per cent of the earth's crust. But while it is widely distributed, the deposits that will repay working, even assuming great advances in metallurgical practice, are limited.

The metal of the future is aluminum, which is widely distributed, and of which there are untold resources. It is hardly conceivable that a scarcity of this metal will ever exist so long as the globe is habitable. Neither will mankind lack the raw materials employed in the manufacture of porcelain and glass, for they constitute 60 per cent of the earth's crust.

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BRAZILIAN ADDRESSES

BY SECRETARY CHARLES E. HUGHES

[November 15 is the anniversary of the overthrow of the Empire of Brazil and the establishment of the Republic. It is also the date on which the new President is to be inaugurated. This gives additional timeliness to the following addresses, which may be regarded as the greeting of our country to Brazil on the centennial of her independence. The first was delivered at the dedication of the site for the American Centennial Monument in Rio de Janeiro, on September 8. The second was spoken before the Brazilian Bar Association, at a luncheon to our Secretary of State, on September 12. Both were reported in full in the Jornal do Commercio *of Rio de Janeiro.]*

I

It is fitting that this monument should be erected as a memorial to the historic friendship between Brazil and the United States. Our Government was the first to recognize the independence of Brazil and from that moment the bonds of esteem and amity have been unbroken. The cry of Ipiranga, 'Independence or death,' cannot fail to remind us of the memorable words of our own Patrick Henry, 'Give me liberty or give me death.' And amid all the vicissitudes of one hundred years there has been an abiding appreciation of a community of ideals and interests that has blessed both peoples with a sense of peaceful and mutually beneficent relations.

But this memorial is even more significant. It not only attests our enduring friendship but it expresses the admiration of the people of the Republic of the North for the vast achievements of our Sister of the South and of what has been here wrought in the development of a great people.

The celebration of this Centenary brings up memories of the past: of the first intrepid voyagers; of the *bandeirantes* pressing into the interior and obtaining a glimpse of the extraordinary resources and potentiality of this land of promise; of the early colonial organization which first gave institutional basis to the activities which were to civilize a continent; of the establishment here of the seat of governmental authority of the mother country; of the inevitable assertion of a vigorous independent national life; of the long and beneficent reign of that most liberal and high-minded ruler — the scholar and statesman, Dom Pedro II; of the free spirit of the people of Brazil crushing slavery and erecting republican institutions; and most recently of our association in the momentous struggle which saved the cause of liberty itself and put an end, as we hope, for all time to the pretensions of brute force.

I take pleasure in recalling that Thomas Jefferson, the first Secretary of State of the United States, gave instructions in the year 1791 to David Humphreys, Minister to Portugal, to 'procure for us all the information possible as to the strength, riches, resources, and disposition of Brazil.' Those of us who, with speed and every possible comfort and modern convenience, have recently made the journey from New York find fascination in the endeavor to imagine the experience of these mariners of Salem, Massachusetts, of Providence, Boston, Philadelphia, New York, and other ports, whose vessels were frequent visitors to this harbor and other harbors of this

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coast in the opening years of the nineteenth century. I am informed that as early as the year 1802 eight of the thirteen maritime States of North America were trading with almost all of the ports of the South American Continent, and scores of our vessels were trading here.

But this fortunate land of Brazil is one of constant revelation, and to-day, more than ever before, we are appreciating the limitless possibilities of its development, of the prosperity that the future has in store for its people, and of the extraordinary promise of their service to humanity. This, my friends, is unquestionably the land of the twentieth century, and in providing for the erection of this monument we are expressing not only our tribute to what has been wrought in the past but our confidence in the future and our earnest desire that the brightest hopes of Brazil may be abundantly realized.

We shall also be glad to have this monument associated in the thought of our friends with a true appraisement of our North American ideals and aspirations. You, my fellow countrymen of the United States, know full well how sincerely we desire the independence, the unimpaired sovereignty and political integrity, and the constantly increasing prosperity of the peoples of Latin America. We have our domestic problems incident to the expanding life of a free people, but there is no imperialistic sentiment among us to cast even a shadow across the pathway of our progress. We covet no territory; we seek no conquest; the liberty we cherish for ourselves we desire for others; and we assert no rights for ourselves that we do not accord to others. We sincerely desire to see throughout this hemisphere an abiding peace, the reign of justice, and the diffusion of the blessings of a beneficent coöperation. It is this desire which forms the basis of the Pan-American sentiment.

On this auspicious occasion we are agreeably impressed with the present extent of this coöperation. The various organizations now meeting here remind us that science has no frontiers. Here are gathered those who are putting together the results of the most careful archæological researches — those who are bringing their historical studies to fruition in papers which will form an accurate and careful historical narrative based on original sources. We have also gathered here the engineers for whose precise knowledge and trained hands Nature has been waiting. And, while I cannot mention all the organizations that are now represented in this capital in connection with this centennial celebration, I should not fail to speak of the philanthropists who are devoting themselves to child welfare, the protection of humanity itself. Let me also recall to you, as an illustration of beneficent coöperation, the work which some of our fellow countrymen have been doing in Brazil, and in other parts of Latin America, in conquering the most dreaded forms of disease, while in the varied plant life of this great country we have found the means of health and healing.

I have not dwelt upon the growth of the commerce between our countries; the gratifying statistics I assume are known to you all. But even more important than the exchanges of products are those interchanges of sentiment, inspired by mutual understanding, which are constantly taking place through the presence in each country of representatives of the other. It is especially pleasing to note the far-sighted action of the Brazilian Government in providing for postgraduate study abroad for the best students in schools of agriculture and industrial training, so as to develop a body of highly

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trained technical men. I understand that there are about two hundred and fifty young men of Brazil now studying in the educational institutions of the United States, and we trust that many of our North American students will find their way here and to other countries in Latin America in order that they may have the benefit of personal observation and study of institutions and economic life.

The people of the United States and the people of Brazil are alike devoted to the ideals of peace. But peace has its method as well as war. The method of peace is that of more perfect knowledge and understanding; of mutual respect for rights with the correlative recognition of obligations; of resort in all difficulties to the processes of reason; of summoning all the ability and strength of the country in the interest of peace with the sincere and intense desire to find amicable solutions instead of causes for distrust and enmity.

It is the disposition to peace that alone can assure peace. We of this hemisphere are happy to be free from any menace of aggression. Many of the most important controversies have been solved or are in process of solution. Why should we not have enduring peace and the benefits of coöperation? We have institutions dedicated to freedom, and we desire not simply the independence of might but the independence that rests secure in a prevailing sense of justice. We have different stocks and traditions, but we cherish the same aspirations — the same longings for liberty under law. The differences are superficial, the resemblances fundamental. We derive our strength from the same spiritual forces. We have been colaborers, and united by the memory of our historic friendship we are going forward with mutual respect to the enjoyment of our varied opportunities, knowing full well that only in brotherly helpfulness shall we find the adaptations that the democratic spirit demands and be assured of the satisfactions of rational progress.

II

It would be easy to speak of the similarity of the political institutions of Brazil to those of the United States of North America. I should be glad to review the resemblances in our constitutional arrangements and especially in the provisions by which we seek to safeguard and promote the essential interests of the nation without an unnecessary sacrifice of local autonomy. You are very familiar with the work of our Supreme Court by which we maintain the checks and balances of our constitutional system. I recall that with his enlightened interest and prescience the Emperor Dom Pedro II instructed the Brazilian Minister to the United States to 'study with special care the organization of the Supreme Court of Justice in Washington.' He added with true insight: 'I believe that in the function of the Supreme Court is the secret of the successful operation of the American Constitution.'

But in these brief remarks, as I am about to leave this most hospitable capital, I desire to refer to what is even more fundamental than any constitutional precept. The more I study government, or concern myself with problems of legislation and administration, the more thoroughly I am convinced that the essential condition of all progress is respect for law.

Liberty must have its institutions and these of necessity are institutions of law: that is, institutions for the application of accepted principles of

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right conduct rather than vehicles for the exercise of arbitrary power. Such institutions rest for their final security in the self-restraint of those who love liberty too much to destroy its essential foundations.

We live in a world which has been torn, distracted, and convulsed, and we are turning with the hope that will admit of no denial to the ideals of justice. But where among men is justice to be illustrated if not in our courts and by the ministers of the law? Justice is not an abstraction; it is the most practical concern of a free people. In our courts, if anywhere, must be found an abiding assurance that neither force nor intrigue, neither corruption nor favor, can disturb the true scale of justice where sound and impartial judgment gives the decision.

It is in the administration of justice through our courts, and in the standards of the legal profession, that we find unfailingly the measure of our civic success.

Our expanding civilization is constantly imposing heavier burdens upon our tribunals and upon those who are called upon to aid in the protection of rights and the redressing of wrongs. We desire beneficent laws; but the statute is expressed in its interpretation, and its practical value rests upon its fair administration. There is no assurance of either save as the judicial function is faithfully performed, and it is idle to look for fidelity in the administration of justice unless the members of the Bar are inspired by the loftiest sentiments.

I have great respect for the appropriate technique which is essential to correct administration, but I have no sympathy with those who lose the spirit of the law in the worship of its garments. It is to those who are most learned in the law that we must look for reform in its administration. It is from those who best understand all the subtleties of the law that we must expect the assistance in restoring and maintaining simplicity and directness, adequate methods of procedure, and the controlling sense of justice by which alone we can be sure that through over-refinement and technicality the law may not defeat its own purposes.

I speak also for the independence of the Bar — for the fearless ministers of the law who stand erect in the presence of power and defend liberty under law at whatever cost. Our lawyers have been prophets of liberty and its most zealous defenders. To whom is the community to look for enlightened advice if not to those learned in the institutions of government, in the development of jurisprudence, who are imbued with the spirit of the law, who know where improvements are needed, and through whose wisdom the just and necessary changes may be secured. There is no greater treachery than that of the lawyer who is faithless to the high ideals of justice, for if he fails, where shall the community look for the safeguards of free institutions? The essential basis of civilized intercourse in the last analysis is very largely in the keeping of the Bar.

We are looking to-day beyond our domestic jurisdictions in the earnest desire to establish the reign of law among the nations and to secure the peaceful settlement of controversies. But we shall be able to satisfy this aspiration only as among our separate peoples we diminish hatred, control the passions that subvert the judgment, develop the desire to be just as well as strong, and count those as enemies of the national welfare who seek to breed suspicion and distrust.

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THE QUESTION OF THE STRAITS

BY KARL RADEK

[This article, which was written from Moscow at the end of September, is of course out of date in so far as the immediate crisis between England and Turkey is concerned. However, it is an interesting and presumably authoritative statement of the attitude of the Bolshevist Government toward the Dardanelles problem. It should be added that more recent and private advices from Europe assert that Reds and Whites in Russia are in full agreement upon this question.]

From *Die Rote Fahne, September 27*
(BERLIN OFFICIAL COMMUNIST DAILY)

THE diplomatic alignment in the struggle for the Straits exactly reverses that upon the Reparations question. The respective rôles of France and England are simply turned about. In the Reparations question England plays the part of a peace-loving, tolerant friend of Germany. In the Straits controversy France adopts precisely the same attitude toward Turkey. So just now the French press is prosing away about the folly of military adventures, the futility of sabre-rattling, and the necessity of smoothing over our controversies by negotiations and concessions.

In both cases, of course, these peaceful professions are merely hypocritical masks hiding imperialist intrigues. England wants to preserve her German market and to play off Germany as a counterweight against France. So in Western Europe she dons the guise of an angel of peace, and simultaneously plays in Eastern Europe the rôle of a Versailles Shylock. Meanwhile France seeks to make the Mohammedan world a counterpoise against England. She wishes to strengthen Turkey at the expense of English supremacy in Egypt and India, and by thus countering English imperialism in Asia to make that country tolerant of her own predatory policy in Central Europe. Therefore, France poses as the peace angel of the East.

In that part of the world Poincaré has played Lloyd George's favorite game with unexpected talent. When France threatened to seize the Ruhr unless Germany obeyed the dictates of the Reparations Commission, England declared that she did not propose to take part in military undertakings against Germany, although she agreed in principle that Germany must fulfill the terms of the Versailles Treaty. To-day France retorts in identical language. She stands firmly — in principle — for carrying out the decisions of the Allied Conference at Paris last March. But at the same time she has withdrawn her troops from the Asiatic coast of the Dardanelles, thus washing her hands of all share in a possible war between Turkey and England. France thereby isolates England, strengthens Turkey, and aggravates the anger of those Conservatives in Great Britain who hate Lloyd George, and who believe the Entente the corner stone of English policy.

It goes without saying that this does not mean the collapse of the Entente. France is merely bargaining to get her price for helping England out of the Turkish embroilment; and she is raising her price right along. The *Berliner*

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Lokal Anzeiger is perfectly right in asserting that Germany will probably be the one to pay that price.

The principal point is whether the Turkish army has a reasonable prospect of successfully attacking Constantinople and the Straits. The mere fact that the English Government is sending large land and naval forces there shows that this lies within the bounds of probability. Until recently England had only some twelve thousand troops in the Neutral Zone. Clearly those forces could not resist effectively a Kemalist advance.

The next question is whether the Turkish forces can cross the Dardanelles. Yes, they can. Although the fortifications on both sides of the Straits have been to a large extent dismantled since the war, heavy artillery posted on the high Asiatic coast could bombard the English fleet with success. The Dardanelles are very narrow — in some places not over a thousand yards across. It would be exceedingly difficult to manœuvre large war vessels in these narrow passages against heavy and well-directed artillery fire. If the Turks were able to transfer troops to Gallipoli, and to seize the line from Adrianople to Demotika, they could, with a force of 40,000 regulars, cut off the Greek army now stationed in Thrace. The latter forces, whose morale is already undermined by the Greek defeats in Asia Minor, would have not only the regular Turkish troops but also Turkish and Bulgarian insurgents to deal with. More than 200,000 Thracian Turks have taken refuge in Constantinople and its immediate vicinity since the Greek occupation of that province. These people are impatiently awaiting an opportunity to return to their homes. And the Bulgars, in spite of the efforts of their Government to remain neutral, are already joining the insurgent Turks, not only in Macedonia but also in Thrace. Bulgaria wants access to the Ægean Sea and possession of the harbor of Dedeagach.

At present writing we do not know whether Kemal's army will capture the Straits, although it is technically able to do so. Such an enterprise would mean a protracted war with England. We cannot tell whether Kemal Pasha will venture this or not; his decision will depend not only upon his military power and the economic resources back of him, but also upon the extent to which France will support him. It is possible that if the Kemalists do not now attack the Straits, they will turn their attention to the weakest point in Great Britain's armor — namely, Mesopotamia, where the English have very weak forces and where their dreadnoughts cannot go.

Whatever turn the Straits question may take in the near future, and whether it is settled by military or by diplomatic means, the objects that England has in view lose none of their significance.

The English press asserts that the Bulgarians and Greeks in Thrace must not be left at the mercy of the Turks. They seek to justify England's policy by the interests of other peoples. In this connection an article by Arnold Toynbee in the *Manchester Guardian* is pertinent. That article points out the following significant facts: England has ruled Cyprus since 1878. When the English received it from Turkey by a secret treaty, they solemnly bound themselves to return the island as soon as the Russians returned Kars and Ardahan to Turkey. Kars and Ardahan are again in Turkish hands; but Cyprus, notwithstanding its Greek population, remains an English colony. If the English appeal to the principle of nationality against the Turks, they can well be answered with the familiar saying that 'charity begins at home.'

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In addition to the rights of nationalities, the English press appeals to another principle, the freedom of the seas. Why is this more important in case of the Dardanelles than in case of Gibraltar, Suez, Aden, or Singapore? What freedom of the seas will there be if England can block access to the Mediterranean, to the Red Sea, and to India, for any ship not under her own flag?

The last English argument is still more interesting, for it leads us from the realm of propaganda myths to that of practical imperialism. Lloyd George's personal organ, the *Daily Chronicle*, declares: 'England will not permit herself to be cut off from access to the Black Sea.' What does this mean? When the English secured a guaranty from the Turks, in 1914, that the Dardanelles should remain open for English vessels, she had an alliance with Russia, who was then at war with Germany. England is no longer allied with Russia, and Russia is not at war with anyone. For the last few years England has interfered, more than any other country, with the freedom of the seas. She has held up vessels on their way to Russia whenever it pleased her to do so. If England would keep her hands off, merchant vessels could always pass freely in times of peace from the Ægean Sea to the Black Sea.

When we come to the question of naval vessels, we naturally ask whether England expects us to be her ally against other Powers in the future, and whether Turkey is expected to prevent England's coming to the aid of Soviet Russia. Our relations with Turkey are closer than those with England, and we see no prospect that Great Britain will be our ally in the near future. At least, the British Government has made no overtures in that direction of late.

There is this distinction between policy and love: in policy things are not assumed without question. Every point must be precisely explained. We fear that England is not so much worried over the prospect that she may not be able to help Soviet Russia against some future enemy, as over the prospective loss of her control of the Straits as a means of bringing pressure upon both Turkey and Russia. As long as Constantinople is in English hands and there is an English garrison in Gallipoli, a free passage for English warships through the Dardanelles constitutes a direct threat to Turkish independence. As long as the Russian fleet is as weak as it is at present, that situation constitutes also a threat against Soviet Russia. Therefore England's whole fight for the Straits is nothing else than a fight for a weapon that English imperialists can use to intimidate both Turkey and Russia.

The people's Commissioner of Foreign Affairs at Moscow has addressed a note to the British Government, calling attention to the fact that a war in the Near East may be avoided by an international conference, but that all the nations whose territories border on the Black Sea must necessarily participate in that conference. The British press has taken a very high and lofty attitude toward this note. Lord Balfour has not deigned to answer it. But that does not alter the facts in the least; and, to use an English proverb, facts are 'hard nuts to crack.'

It is quite possible to shut up the English fleet in the Sea of Marmora by land operations, even if it succeeds in passing the Dardanelles. Any solution of the Near Eastern question, made without consulting Russia, will prove unworkable for the simple reason that it fails to take into account the facts of the situation. Only yesterday the Allies tried to settle the Near Eastern question as pleased themselves, without consulting Soviet Russia or

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Turkey. During the brief period that has since elapsed, Soviet Russia has crushed its Conservative and Reactionary opponents at home, and to-day she speaks not only in the name of her present population but also in the name of her future generations. During this brief period, moreover, defeated and mutilated Turkey has recovered much of her shorn strength and has proved that she is still a powerful factor in the affairs of the Near East.

So, even if Kemal Pasha may be forced, for a brief breathing space, to tolerate a settlement of the Dardanelles question contrary to the interests of the Turkish people, and regardless whether or not England rejects the coöperation of Turkey and Soviet Russia in questions that vitally affect the interests of their peoples, the validity and effectiveness of any decision thus made will be as transitory as the Treaty of Sèvres. For such a settlement is sure to disregard the interests of the Russian and Turkish nations, who are certain to recover their strength in the next few years. Therefore such a settlement will be merely the starting-point for a new war.

The English Government has given the French much wise counsel, to the effect that it is very easy to dictate unjust peace-terms in a moment of victory, but hopelessly difficult to enforce those terms. It would be a blessing if the English Government would bethink itself of its own advice, and if, instead of rattling the sabre and appealing to the blood of the poor fellows who gave their lives at Gallipoli for British imperialism, it would ponder calmly whether it is not better to lay the foundations of peace in the Near East on a broader and more substantial basis.

ITALY AND THE UNITED STATES

BY VITTORIO ROLANDI RICCI

[*The following article is the substance of an interview with the Italian Ambassador to Washington, given to a reporter at his home, Castel Regina, near Viareggio, in Italy.*]

From *La Tribuna, September* 24
(Rome Liberal Daily)

Neither public opinion nor the Federal Government is convinced that it is necessary, or disposed for other reasons, to cancel the debts due from Italy, or even the interest upon them. There may be Americans who think otherwise upon this subject, but they have no controlling influence either in Congress or in the Administration. We may anticipate that their views will be accepted later, but at present the minds of the people and of the governing classes in America are not open to any arguments — legal, moral, or economic — that Europeans, no matter how illustrious, may employ, to persuade them that our debt is not a real debt, and that the United States shows an immoral Shylock spirit injurious to herself, when she insists on its payment.

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Practically it will be wiser to wait for a formal demand for payment — which has not yet been made — and then to say that we shall not pay because we cannot: a situation that the Americans themselves cannot fail to realize. They are not ignorant of the fact that most of their claims against us are for goods that were specifically designed and intended to be employed in prosecuting the war on our common account. Therefore our inability to pay is not due to the lack of desire on the part of the debtor to fulfill his obligations, nor to the misuse of the credit extended to him. It is due to the fact that the goods were employed for the purposes agreed upon in a common cause, and for the object for which the credit was given.

No one in Italy, no matter how desirous he may be of paying our debts to America, can imagine seriously that our country will be able to settle this obligation in full within the twenty-five years provided by the Congress of the United States, and to pay annual interest at the rate of 4½ per cent upon the 8,500,000,000 francs in gold which we owe that country. Therefore nothing can be gained by negotiating along these lines with the American Government. We must wait until the Congress of the United States is better informed as to the real condition of the countries to which America made advances of money and merchandise during the war, and grants her executive discretionary powers that it does not possess to date, and without which it is practically impossible to deal seriously with this problem.

In all probability the Congress of the United States will be obliged to reëxamine the whole question of America's financial claims to France, Italy, and the minor Powers during its next session. The practical common sense of the Americans will convince their legislators that some system of give-and-take must be devised. In other words, the demands of the creditors must be accommodated to the ability of the debtors to pay. Nothing is accomplished when the creditor insists that he must be repaid within twenty-five years, so long as the debtor is physically unable to pay with certainty inside of a hundred years. The fair-minded and competent men who guide the economic policies of America are also quite aware of the contradiction involved in expecting Italy to pay her debt in twenty-five years while her creditor levies a prohibitive duty on goods exported to the United States and restricts immigration from Italy in such a way as to curtail our ability to earn money to pay that indebtedness within any predictable period.

We must bear in mind that the preponderant public opinion of America — which is not yet sufficiently informed but must be accepted as it stands — is not convinced that the cancellation of Europe's debts to the United States would really put Europe in a condition to become a profitable customer for America's surplus crops, minerals, and manufactures. We must not let ourselves be deceived as to this opinion by the moral homilies or the financial and industrial creeds of certain financiers, whose authority in America is far less than that so generously attributed to them by the European press.

I am not describing things as they ought to be; I am representing them as they are. I am not philosophizing; I am photographing. The worst kind of public policy is one that rests upon an erroneous assumption of facts. We must always face realities as they are. We can overcome difficulties that we know, but not those that we do not know.

Let me add that the general public and the Government in America recognize that Italy was one of the first countries in Europe to disarm, that she

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is animated to-day by a sincere desire for peace, and that she has proved her candor and uprightness in this policy in all her recent international relations.

The restrictions which the United States has placed upon immigration are not likely to be removed or relaxed — at least for several years — and those restrictions are principally directed against immigrants coming from the Mediterranean countries. Gompers opposes immigration, in order to maintain the standard of wages; the middle classes oppose immigration, because they fear that it will bring Bolshevism, increase unemployment, and cause local disorders.

The ruling class in America is Anglo-Saxon, and does not desire an excess of any other race. Immigrants do not resist Americanization, but they do resist Anglo-Saxonization. Now the Anglo-Saxon Americans — as is natural — want to preserve an Anglo-Saxon America. That makes them prefer immigrants from Northwestern Europe, and dislike immigrants from Southeastern Europe, among whom they include Italians.

So we must seek some other outlet for our immigration; and we should look for it in countries where Anglo-Saxons do not predominate. For that race is disposed to disparage other races, even the Latins, and to refuse them equal treatment.

THE FIRST VOYAGE AROUND THE WORLD

BY R. T. CLARK

From *Discovery, October*
(British Scientific Monthly)

Four hundred years ago, on September 6, a tiny ship of eighty-five tons cast anchor outside Seville Bay. She was much battered and damaged, her sails were patched and her ensign torn; but she could look down with pride upon the statelier galleons that passed her, for she had accomplished what no other ship had accomplished before her — the circumnavigation of the globe.

Partly because of a certain absence of that dramatic element which surrounds the voyage of Columbus, partly because, no adequate record of it having been preserved, no historian has thought it worth while to make Magellan as famous as Columbus or Vasco di Gama, or even Cortes and Pizarro, and partly on account of national jealousy and overpatriotic historians, the man whose enterprise was, in Lord Stanley's words, 'the greatest ever undertaken by any navigator' is almost the least known of the great explorers.

Magellan, or, to give him his full name, Fernão de Magalhães, was a Portuguese — the Spanish historians have never forgiven him for it — and was originally in Portuguese service in the Indies, where he greatly distinguished himself for personal courage and resource and was 'always much wounded'; but, venturing to differ from the Governor, the imperious Albuquerque, fell from favor, and was refused employment at sea. On this he

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denationalized himself and became a Spanish subject — the Portuguese historians have never forgiven him for that — and succeeded in interesting Charles V in a project to reach the El Dorado of the Indies from the west, to the great detriment of the Portuguese and the greater glory of the King of Spain.

The royal interest was fruitful of result. On May 4, 1518, Charles signed a contract with Magellan by which five ships were placed at his disposal and an expedition prepared despite the protests of the King of Portugal.

On August 10, 1519, Magellan set sail with his little fleet, the Conception (90 tons), the Victoria (85 tons), the San Antonio (120 tons), the Trinity (110 tons), and the Santiago (75 tons).

'The ships of Magellan's fleet, Sire,' reported the agent of the Portuguese King to his anxious master, 'are five. . . . They are very old and patched up: for I saw them when they were beached for repairs. It is eleven months since they were repaired, and they are now afloat and they are caulking them in the water. I went on board of them a few times and I assure your Highness that I should be ill inclined to sail in them to the Canaries because their knees are of touchwood. The artillery which they all carry are eighty guns, of a very small size: only in the largest ship, in which Magellan is, there are four very good iron cannon. All the crews they take, in all the five vessels, are two hundred and thirty men, and they carry provisions for two years.'

And so the King of Portugal was comforted, and concluded that with such an armament there could be no real threat to his possessions in the East.

Magellan had no historian with him; he was no writer himself, and if it had not been that there chanced to be on board two Italians, one anonymous but commendably concise, the other the Chevalier Antonio Pigafetta, gratefully loquacious, we should know next to nothing of the epic voyage. But from their narratives and a few supplementary documents it is possible to gather the events, if not the spirit, of it with tolerable accuracy. Passing Teneriffe and the Cape Verde Islands, Magellan struck southwest for the Brazilian coast, which he reached in December in the neighborhood of Rio. Thence he proceeded down the coast in search of the desired channel that would take him to the East by way of the West.

They passed the La Plata, and baptized it the River of St. Christopher, and found delight — or rather the Vicenzan, Pigafetta, did — in the sights and sounds of Patagonia and its natives with their areca nut, their cannibal habits, and their great god Setebos, who took Shakespeare's fancy as well as Pigafetta's. They even made friends with these tall savages and baptized them, having special fondness for an immense gentleman 'so tall that the tallest of us only came up to his waist,' whom they called John, and who 'when he leaped caused the earth to sink in a palm depth at the place where his feet touched,' and who 'pronounced the name of Jesus, and Pater Noster, Ave Maria, and his name as clearly as we did; but he had a terribly strong and loud voice.'

They were now in unfamiliar and hostile waters made memorable and terrifying by previous disasters, and daily penetrating farther into the unknown Antarctic and the storms of the Horn. The strain began inevitably to tell on the crews. Few of them had any sense of loyalty to Magellan or sympathy with his enterprise, for already off Teneriffe there had been mutterings of mutiny. As Spaniards they disliked being commanded by a Portu-

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guese, and, as few of them seem to have been of the stuff of which pioneers are made, they disliked still more the idea of being led to a miserable end in the frozen South.

When they reached the 'port of St. Julian' on the verge of the mysterious Antarctic, matters came to a crisis. Headed by three Spanish captains, the malcontents 'rose up against the Captain Major, the captains saying that they intended to take him to Castile in arrest, as he was taking them all to destruction.'

If they thought to terrify a veteran who had braved governors and faced perils in those very Indies which he was determined to reach, they sadly misjudged their man. With the help of some faithful Portuguese and other 'foreigners,' and the men of his own ship, Magellan had one of the leaders killed out of hand; five days later another was beheaded and quartered, and the remainder found it prudent to acquire new enthusiasm for exploration.

That trouble over, Magellan prepared to continue his voyage, but had to face another mishap, as the Santiago, sent to explore the coast, went on the rocks, and her crew escaped only with great difficulty. Thus reduced in number, they at length got clear of St. Julian on August 24, 1520, after having 'set up at the top of the highest mountain which was there a very large cross, as a sign that the country belonged to the King of Spain, and given to the mountain the name of Mount of Christ,' and after all had 'confessed and received the body of our Lord like good Christians.'

Thus prepared for the worst, the little fleet crept slowly down toward the Horn. On October 21 they arrived off a cape, which for the sake of the day they named the Cape of the Eleven Thousand Virgins. After sailing two or three leagues onward, they found themselves at the mouth of a strait, and here amid much excitement they anchored.

An exploring party sent out reported that there were three channels. The fleet moved up to where the channels separated and again cast anchor. The San Antonio and Conception were sent on to search the channels; but in the darkness the crew of the San Antonio mutinied, flung their commander, Alvar de Meschite, Magellan's cousin, into chains, and, slipping past the others, made incontinently for Spain. The Conception, missing her consort, fluttered aimlessly about until Magellan, receiving no word from either scout, came on himself, and, picking her up, pushed on through the channel till night fell, when he anchored again.

He sent the boats out and followed with the ships, and the boats reported that there was an outlet, for they could see the great sea on the other side. Magellan immediately ordered all his artillery to be fired, and, amid rejoicings and congratulations, the three tiny vessels sailed proudly into the unsailed waters of the South Pacific.

The object of the journey had been attained. It had been proved that the American continent was not an insuperable barrier to ships sailing west; it remained to prove that there lay on its western shore no obstacle to prevent ships reaching the Indies. On the other side of the Straits of Magellan, the fleet was in even more unfamiliar waters than when it was descending toward the Land of Fire. But success tells. The discovery of the southwest passage had vindicated the expedition's leader and justified all the risks he had taken. There was no more talk of mutiny as the three ships steered light-heartedly westward to widen the empire of the King of Spain, although their crews were to suffer hardships far greater than any they had suffered in the Atlantic.

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November 28 saw them in the open sea, where they 'remained three months and twenty days without taking in provisions or other refreshments, and we only ate old biscuit reduced to powder and full of grubs and stinking from the dirt the rats had made on it when eating the good biscuit, and we drank water that was yellow and stinking. We also ate the oxhides which were under the main yard so that the yard should not break the rigging: they were very hard, and we left them for four or five days in the sea and then we put a little on the embers and so ate them: also the sawdust of wood and rats which cost half a crown each; moreover, enough of them were not to be got.'

Nineteen of the crews died from scurvy, and over thirty were seriously ill during that run of 4000 leagues before they touched land; for with singular ill-luck the route that Magellan believed led most quickly to the Indies took them out of sight of island after island of the Pacific archipelago. There might have been tempests and storms, but the ocean was rightly named, for they had good weather continuously until they struck land on January 24 in the Paumotu group. On March 6 they reached a group of islands whose people were 'poor, ingenious, and great thieves,' and they therefore named the group the Ladrones. Thence it was a straight run to the Philippines — the domain of the Portuguese monopolists.

In the Philippines they made friends with the natives, for after all it was here that the commercial business of the voyage began; and on Cebu, where Magellan was so popular that 'he did what he pleased with the consent of the country, in one day eight hundred people became Christian, on which account Magellan desired that other kings, neighbors to Cebu's, should become subject to him who had become Christian.'

The heathen, however, proved hard of heart, so Magellan proceeded to burn down their villages and then to demand war indemnities. Hardness of heart persisted, and when, on April 23, Magellan arrived with some fifty men to enforce his demand, he found himself opposed by a force of about 4000 savages. Nothing daunted, Magellan disembarked at daylight, and, leaving a guard on his boats, advanced inland with forty-nine men, only to be attacked by 1500 islanders in three squadrons, who assailed them on front and flank. Volleys from musketeers and crossbowmen did not stop the islanders, nor did a diversion in the form of an attempt to burn the villages succeed any better.

They came down upon us with the greater fury. The captain had his right leg pierced by a poisoned arrow, on which account he gave orders to retreat by degrees. We were oppressed by the lances and stones the enemy hurled at us, and we could make no more resistance. Retreating little by little and still fighting, we had already got to the distance of a crossbow-shot from the shore, having the water to our knees, the islanders following and picking up the spears which they had already cast, and they threw the same spear five or six times: as they knew the captain, they aimed specially at him and twice they knocked the helmet off his head. He, with a few of us, like a good knight remained at his post without choosing to retreat farther.

Thus we fought for more than an hour, until an Indian succeeded in thrusting a cane lance into the captain's face. He then, being irritated, pierced the Indian's breast with his lance and left it in his body, and, trying to draw his sword, he was unable to draw it more than halfway on account of a javelin wound which he had received in the right arm. The enemies, seeing this, all rushed against him, and one of them with a great sword like a great scimetar gave him a great blow on the left leg which brought the captain down upon his face; then the Indians threw themselves upon him and

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ran him through with lances and scimitars so that they deprived of life our mirror, light, comfort, and true guide. . . . This fatal battle was fought on April 27, 1521, on a Saturday: a day which the captain had chosen himself because he had a special devotion to it.

With great difficulty Pigafetta and the others, leaving the body of their leader in the hands of the enemy, managed to get back to their ships and the 'Christian king' of Cebu with the sad news. The survivors, having with some difficulty and loss foiled a plan of the 'Christian king' to exterminate the lot of them, left the scene of their disaster to sail on westward. They were now too few to man three ships, so off Bohol they burned the Conception, and, having touched at Borneo, sailed over the Celebes Sea.

On November 6 they sighted the Moluccas, the lure of which had drawn Magellan from Seville to his death, and 'we gave thanks to God and to comfort ourselves discharged all our artillery. It need not cause wonder that we were so much rejoiced, since we had passed twenty-seven months less two days always in search of Maluco, wandering for that object among the immense number of islands.'

They landed at Tidore, where they had hoped to find a Portuguese adventurer named Serrano, a relative of Magellan, whose letters had been one of the inspirations of the latter's quest; but he was already dead, a victim to native treachery. But they found a European, the Portuguese de Lorosa, who had helped to discover the islands ten years before and had taken upon himself the duty of trying to intercept and destroy Magellan's fleet ere it reached the Indies.

This was a reminder that they were now in hostile waters, although the Portuguese were in no great strength east of Singapore. But west of that the enemy were both equipped and prepared, and they learned to their great apprehension that squadrons were cruising off the Indian coast and off the Cape of Good Hope with express instructions that none of the Spaniards who had sailed into the King of Portugal's waters were to be allowed to return to Spain.

On December 11 they prepared to leave Tidore, but found that the Trinity had sprung a leak. So they left her there with her crew, and the tiny Victoria, the sole survivor, went on her lonely way.

Past Timor they sailed, and, leaving Sumatra to the north, steered straight across the Indian Ocean toward the Cape of Good Hope. Long before the journey was accomplished the crew were in a parlous state. The ship was making water and the weather was bitterly cold, while they had nothing but rice and water for food. For nine weeks they remained off the Cape, delayed by westerly gales, but at last, on May 9, 1522, succeeded in rounding it, and then for two months sailed northwest.

On July 9 they reached the Cape Verde Islands and had to touch at one of them, where they were amazed to discover, like Jules Verne's hero, that it was Thursday, while with them it was only Wednesday. At last, concludes Pigafetta, 'on Saturday the sixth of September of the year 1522, we entered the bay of San Lucar, and of the sixty men who composed our crew when we left Maluco we were reduced to only eighteen, and these for the most part sick.'

Thus ended the greatest voyage the world has ever seen — a voyage most of the incidents in which have been lost to history for want of an expert chronicler. Little, too, is known of its remarkable leader, and only at the end of recounting a great career does even the

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loquacious Pigafetta break silence concerning the personality whom he obviously loved so well.

Remembering that bloodstained beach, he cannot restrain himself, but breaks off his narrative to address himself directly to his patron, the famous Grand Master of Rhodes, Villiers de l'Isle-Adam: —

> He died: but I hope your illustrious Highness will not allow his memory to be lost, so much the more since I see revived in you the virtue of so great a captain, since one of his principal virtues was constancy in the most adverse fortune. In the midst of the sea he was able to endure hunger better than we. Most versed in nautical charts, he knew better than any other the art of navigation, of which it is a certain proof that he knew by his genius and his intrepidity without anyone having given him the example how to attempt the circuit of the globe which he had almost completed.

Many men have had a worse epitaph: few men have deserved a better.

THE THIRD LEAGUE ASSEMBLY

BY ROBERT DELL

From the *New Statesman, October 7*
(LIBERAL LABOR WEEKLY)

THE third session of the Assembly of the League of Nations has been even more tedious than its predecessors. Its monotony was relieved only by the sittings of the Disarmament Committee, where M. Henri de Jouvenel gave several oratorical performances, sometimes, but not always, in the best French manner. The passages between him and Lord Robert Cecil were amusing studies in comparative psychology. It struck me from the first that Lord Robert Cecil thought M. de Jouvenel to be much more in agreement with him than he really was, — oratory is a deceptive art, — but the illusion, if illusion there was, can hardly have survived M. de Jouvenel's speech in the Assembly.

During the war I was sitting one afternoon in a tribune of the Chamber of Deputies listening to a speech by M. Briand, who was Prime Minister at the time. It was a wonderful speech from the artistic point of view, with just the right amount of pathos, just the due proportion of patriotic fervor, a quaver in the voice at just the appropriate moments, and now and again a furtive tear. When the speech was over, a very eminent man who was sitting next to me turned to me and said: 'If I did n't know him, I should almost believe him to be sincere.'

I hope I am not unjust, but I could not help feeling rather like that whenever I listened to M. de Jouvenel. I admit that I am prejudiced against oratory. The passion for it seems to me about as healthy as the drug habit, and its effects have been more pernicious than those of opium or cocaine.

It is only just to say that there has been very little oratory in the strict sense of that term during the session of the Assembly. The fact that the great

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majority of delegates cannot use their native language makes oratorical display impossible for most of them. English-speaking delegates, by the way, are under a great disadvantage from the fact that English is little understood in the Assembly. Excellent as are the interpreters of the League, — in some cases their interpretations were a good deal better than the original speeches, — a translation can never convey quite the same impression as the original. That is particularly true of English speakers, who are, as a rule, more subtle than most and deal in suggestions and half-phrases. In a speech of that kind so much depends on the tone of the speaker which no interpreter can reproduce.

Lord Balfour's speeches, for example, lose terribly in translation; but perhaps no speech lost as much as that of Mr. Fisher in the disarmament debate in the Assembly. Its quiet irony almost entirely disappeared, and I am convinced that few of the delegates have understood to this day that what Mr. Fisher intended to convey was that England will have nothing to do with the sort of pact of mutual guarantee desired by M. de Jouvenel, and that no pact of guarantee can be efficacious until 'the divisions existing during the war' are forgotten and the European nations are no longer divided into categories.

The need for an auxiliary international language is a crying one, and until it has been supplied neither the League of Nations nor any other international organization can do its work well. The alternatives are Esperanto or the choice of some existing language to be taught as a second language in every country, for I fear that it is hopeless to think of Latin. I am intensely prejudiced against Esperanto; but if, as seems too probable, the nations of the world will never agree to choose the language of one of them, Esperanto it must be, and the sooner the better. It has the advantage of being very easy both to speak and to understand, — I heard a speech in Esperanto the other day and understood quite half of it, — and my Oriental friends tell me that they find it much more easy to learn than any existing European language.

The Assembly has referred the question to the Committee on Intellectual Coöperation, so that it 'may give its opinion on the various aspects of the problem of an international language.' Next year that Committee will have an opportunity of laying some practical proposal before the Assembly. It is to be hoped that it will take it. The Covenant of the League does not give the Assembly much to do; but here is a question in regard to which it might really do something. It will be a long time before all the nations in the League agree on this matter. The view of France, for instance, about an international language is 'French or nothing.' But if a considerable number of countries could agree on a secondary language to be universally taught, the others would eventually be obliged to fall into line.

Besides Esperanto the Assembly has dealt with the opium trade, the traffic in women and children, obscene publications, and other matters subsidiary to the main purposes of the League of Nations. Since it is not allowed to deal with those main purposes, at least directly, it is natural that it should seek some outlet for its activity; but its activity in these directions needs watching. The mentality that regards police regulations as a panacea for all moral ills is represented in the Assembly; and Governments are only too ready to make new police regulations which, especially when they are international, may be used for other than their original purposes.

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For example, the question of obscene publications, about which the Assembly has asked the French Government to call an international conference to draw up the text of a new convention, is not quite simple. The term 'obscene publications' has to be defined, and, as M. Bellegarde, the delegate of Haiti, pointed out not without a certain malice, it is being defined in the United States of America in a way that has startling consequences.

The Assembly has repudiated any intention of interfering with the liberty of genuine artists and men of letters; but here again definition is involved, and the question is a delicate one to be left to the judgment of a policeman or a magistrate. The taste for publications that are obscene and nothing else is, after all, restricted to a very few people, who will probably succeed in gratifying it somehow, regulations or no regulations. I wonder whether it very much matters.

Even proposed international regulations against what is called the traffic in women and children — about the existence of which, at any rate on any considerable scale, some of the most competent authorities in these matters are skeptical — are fraught with dangers. We learned that at the conference last year, when the Canadian representative proposed that no woman of any age should be allowed to embark on any vessel, unless accompanied by her father, mother, or husband, without the permission of the authorities of the country to which she proposed to go. The proposal was not adopted by the conference, but it is sufficiently disquieting that any Government should have made it.

The worst of police regulations in such matters is that, whereas they cause great annoyance to the innocent public, those against whom they are aimed usually succeed in evading them. I am told by those who should know that, in spite of the stringent passport regulations during the war, the wrong people generally got through. I cannot agree with Mrs. Coombe Tennant that the League of Nations should become a 'league of mothers,' or even of grandmothers, apart from the obvious physical obstacles to such a transformation.

The Maharajah Jam Sahib of Nawanagar, otherwise 'Ranji,' showed the Assembly that there was another side even to the opium question. Opium, he said, was to Indians what wine, beer, tea, and coffee were to Europeans, — how wily of him to mention tea and coffee, — and, whereas Europeans needed stimulants, Asiatics needed sedatives. He suggested, most politely, that perhaps after all Indians knew what suited them better than other people. The suggestion is worth consideration.

I suppose that, like Lacordaire and unlike most Liberals, I am an 'impenitent Liberal.' At any rate, I always wonder why in such matters as these so few people think of trying the simple solution of liberty. On the whole, it really works better than any other, and is open to fewer objections. So far as I can gather, there is no control of the 'drink traffic' in Geneva of any sort. At any rate, anybody seems to be able to sell drinks of every kind, and the number of places where they can be bought for consumption on or off the premises would shock a temperance advocate. Yet there is much less drunkenness than in England.

Post hoc is not *propter hoc*, of course; but, if Geneva followed the example of England and made the sale of alcoholic drinks the monopoly of a few individuals, I think it more likely that drunkenness would increase than that it would diminish. At present nobody in Geneva thinks it wicked to drink wine or beer or even spirits, with the result that there is no added attraction,

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This Assembly has done one good thing, or rather abstained from doing a bad one. It has adjourned *sine die* the amendments proposed — and very nearly carried — last year to Article 18, requiring the registration and publication of all treaties and international engagements. The amendments would have destroyed the effect of the Article. Any new Government coming into power in a country belonging to the League now knows that it is not merely its right, but its duty, to repudiate any secret treaty or engagement that its predecessors may have made. The first Government that acts on that knowledge will do a service to Europe.

The Assembly is also to be congratulated on not having elected Serbia — or the 'Serb-Croat-Slovene Kingdom' — on the Council, and on having elected Sweden and reëlected China. The Scandinavian countries are all good Europeans, and China is the most pacific country in the world. Moreover, Asia is entitled to two representatives on the Council, especially since the other Asiatic countries, rightly or wrongly, do not consider Japan to be a representative Asiatic Power.

Although the ballot for the election of nonpermanent members of the Council is secret, the fifteen voters for Serbia are mostly known. They included, I think, — besides, of course, the three countries of the Little Entente and Poland, — France, Belgium, Spain, Portugal, half-a-dozen States of Central or South America, and possibly Japan. The European majority on the other side was therefore very large — there were forty-six voters — and included England, Italy, Austria, Hungary, Holland, Bulgaria, Albania, the Scandinavian countries, Finland, and the Baltic States. The result is indirectly due to Poland, for Polish opposition led M. Bénès to withdraw the candidature of Czechoslovakia, which would almost certainly have been successful.

The practical results of the Assembly, like that of its predecessors, are of course meagre, indeed almost nonexistent; but that will always be the case until the constitution of the League is altered. The Covenant vests nearly all power in the Council. Many people have told me that there was a better spirit in the Assembly than last year or the year before. Perhaps more delegates than before had begun to be alive to the fact that the state of Europe is really serious, and that something ought to be done; but, with few exceptions, the delegates to the League of Nations are not overcourageous. And Italy, which at the two previous Assemblies showed a genuine international temper, seems to have gone back and returned to 'sacred egoism.' This is no doubt, partly at least, the result of the Near Eastern policy of the British Government.

Mr. Lloyd George, by the way, did well not to come to Geneva. What little prestige his previous blunders and failures had left him in Europe has now vanished, and his appearance in the character of the Angel of Peace would not have gone down. So far as I could gather, his Near Eastern policy had hardly a single sympathizer, except perhaps to a certain extent in the ranks of the Little Entente and among the Greeks, although the latter have no reason to thank him for having first enticed them to destruction and then thrown them over, just as he threw over the Poles after having forbidden them to make peace and forced them to go on fighting against their will.

Distrust of Mr. Lloyd George was tolerably widespread at Genoa; at Geneva it has become almost universal. He threatened to isolate France; he has isolated England, but not permanently, for happily it is generally recognized

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on the Continent that Mr. George and his Cabinet no longer represent the country.

Optimist views about the temper of the Assembly are principally based on the acceptance of Lord Robert Cecil's scheme for the reduction of armaments. One is loath to belittle that scheme. Lord Robert Cecil's courage, sincerity, and indefatigable energy need no praise from me. They deserve success, but it does not, unfortunately, follow that they will obtain it. The almost despairing note in the peroration of his speech in the disarmament debate showed that he himself knows that. But Lord Robert Cecil, perhaps on account of his sincerity, is no match for the wiles of a Jouvenel, and he accepted for the sake of a purely external agreement suggestions that diminished the value of his scheme.

For instance, the recommendation that military expenditure should be reduced to the level of 1913, allowing for the difference in values, was an ingenious move on the part of M. de Jouvenel. French military expenditure was higher in 1913 than it had ever been before, and the effect of the recommendation is that France will not have to reduce her expenditure at all. Moreover, reduction of military expenditure, though excellent in itself for financial reasons, is not the same thing as reduction of armaments. In 1913, the huge French conscript army of five or six million men cost £50,000,000, and the tiny British army cost £35,000,000.

A conscript army is always far cheaper than one raised by voluntary recruitment, and a navy is always more expensive than an army. The test of sincerity in the matter of reducing armaments is willingness to abolish conscription. When the Allies disarmed Germany, the first condition they made was that Germany should not have conscription. There is no other way of disarming, and if the other nations are really prepared to disarm they will impose on themselves the conditions that the Allies imposed on Germany. Reduction of expenditure is no valid criterion.

With regard to the proposed treaty of mutual guarantee, I am inclined to share the doubts of the Scandinavians. If all countries reduced their armaments in the same proportion, their relative positions would be unaltered, and the necessity of such a pact is not evident. In any case it is only too evident that, as Mr. Fisher hinted, M. de Jouvenel's idea of the pact is not at all the same as that of Lord Robert Cecil. What M. de Jouvenel wants, in fact, is simply an alliance against Germany and Russia, with a mere vague undertaking to reduce armaments as its condition.

I should like to think that the temper of official France has changed, but M. de Jouvenel's speech in the disarmament debate makes any such illusion impossible. If, as has been said, M. de Jouvenel was speaking only for French consumption, that may make possible a more optimistic view about his own spirit, but it has the opposite consequence in regard to that of his fellow countrymen. It was a bad speech in every way, bad in form and in substance — the speech at once of a chauvinist and a *cabotin*.

Perhaps even more significant was M. de Jouvenel's almost insulting rejoinder on the Disarmaments Committee to M. Motta's suggestion that Germany ought to be in the League. Not one member of the Committee — not even Lord Robert Cecil — ventured to stand up for M. Motta.

It is idle, in these circumstances, to tell the German Government, as Lord Robert Cecil has lately told it, that it ought to apply for admission to the League. If it be true — and I believe it is — that the large majority of the

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members of the League would welcome an application from Germany, it was their business to say so publicly in the Assembly.

Turkey, after having torn up the Treaty of Sèvres and made war in defiance of it, gets a formal invitation from the Allies to join the League, and France, who has signed that invitation, says that Germany cannot be admitted because she has not yet fulfilled her Treaty obligations. I do not object in the least to the invitation to Turkey, but Germany may reasonably await a similar invitation. For two years she has been kept out of the League because the other nations weakly submitted to the threats of the French Government. It is now evident that without Germany the League is and must be paralyzed, but it will not do to try to put the blame, as Lord Robert Cecil has tried to put it, on the German Government.

A NATURALIST IN MANCHURIA

BY ARTHUR DE CARLE SOWERBY, F.R.G.S., F.Z.S.

[*The author is a well-known naturalist who was born in China, his parents being British missionaries there. He was educated in England, and has done field work in Canada as well as in China, where he has been associated with many exploring and collecting expeditions under the auspices of the United States National Museum and the British Museum. He is the author of two books:* Fur and Feather in North China, *and* A Sportsman's Miscellany. *A third volume,* A Naturalist in Manchuria, *will be published shortly.*]

From the *North China Herald, September 2*
(Shanghai British Weekly)

It does not appear to be generally known that Manchuria is not merely a land of fertile plains and hills, but contains wide stretches of magnificent forests. Indeed, to me the very name Manchuria is associated with forests, though I have frequently heard people say that they did not know there were any such things in the country. This appears to be due to the fact that so many authors of books about the land of the Manchus have confined their travels and remarks to the narrow strip that is traversed by the easternmost section of the Trans-Siberian Railway. Even if they have traveled down the Sungari River, or up the Amur, they do not seem to have realized that back of the flat lands that form the river-beds almost the whole of the country is, or was till quite recently, covered with dense growths of pine, birch, or oak.

Though the name Manchuria is restricted to-day to the three provinces, Fengtien, Kirin, and Heilungkiang, I prefer to use it in its older and wider sense, when it included Amur and Primorskaya, which formed part of the country conquered by the founder of the Manchu dynasty and was subsequently annexed by the Russians. Amur and Primorskaya have been fairly well explored by naturalists working for the Imperial Academy of Science at Petrograd, but the rest of the

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Manchurian region, and more especially the forested areas, remained more or less unknown till within the last decade, when the attention of a few field naturalists, myself among the number, has been directed toward this profitable field of investigation.

So rich is the natural history of this extensive area that one finds considerable difficulty in speaking of it in terms of moderation. The whole country, from the borders of China Proper to the northern rim of the Amur basin, and even beyond, into Eastern Siberia itself, is full of interest to the naturalist, who need never spend an idle or dull moment while there. Whether traveling by cart on the plains, or by boat down one of the great rivers, or on foot through the forests, there is always something worthy of note confronting one. A marvel of insect life, a lurking bird in the brush, a radiant blossom by the path, the spoor of some small animal, a fisherman's basket full of strange fish, newly caught and quivering, or a sinuous reptile creeping away in the grass — all serve their turn to enthrall the nature-lover, and make the moments fly only too quickly in this paradise of living things. And if he begins but to probe and pry he is soon inundated with a wealth of material with which he will find it almost impossible to deal.

The mammals of Manchuria cannot be termed particularly varied, though there is a great abundance of individuals of certain species, chiefly among the murine rodents — that is, rats, mice, and voles. The larger mammals, especially the deer and the fur-bearing carnivores, have been subjected for several decades to unceasing persecution at the hands of professional hunters, Chinese, Russian, Tatar, and Korean, with the result that their once considerable numbers have been greatly reduced.

It is reported that when the railways in the north were under construction tigers were a positive nuisance, taking heavy toll of the coolies engaged on construction work: to-day it is extremely difficult to get a shot at one. The handsome wapiti and the even more beautiful sika are becoming increasingly rare, while the once plentiful lynx and wolverine are scarcely ever seen or heard of, except in the most remote and inaccessible parts of the forest. In some places the black bear is still plentiful, as well as the wild boar. Farther north, on the Amur, and eastward, on the Usuri, the moose and reindeer are said to be fairly numerous. The once numerous musk deer is now very rarely met with, and the ubiquitous roe deer only is common in all parts.

Of rodents, the forest contains voles, mice, rats, squirrels, chipmunks, and flying squirrels; the open country, hamsters, field mice, mole rats, susliks, or ground squirrels, and gerbils; the steppe country of the north and west, marmots, susliks, mole rats, alactagas, or jumping rats, and gerbils. Hares and pikas, which are no longer considered to be rodents by naturalists, but are placed in a separate order of their own, called *Lagomorpha*, are to be found in certain parts of the forested areas, as well as out in the open. *Ochotona*, it may be explained, are little hare-like animals that live in colonies and make extensive burrows, much as rabbits do.

Several species of bats and shrews, as well as hedgehogs and moles, may be found both in the forested areas and on the plains; while a number of small carnivores, such as the sable, marten, mink, polecat, ermine, weasel, badger, otter, fox, racoon dog, and wild cat, together with the larger wolf, wild dog, leopard, brown and grizzly bears, complete the list of Manchurian land mammals. Of these, the sable is becoming almost extinct, the skins sold in the fur

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market as Manchurian sable being those of the marten. There are two distinct species of marten, namely, the pine marten, which is said to be the same animal as that inhabiting Europe, and the yellow-throated marten, a much larger animal.

The skin of the polecat is that sold in the market under the name of fitch. Recently skins of the skunk have been put on the market, and are said to come from Vladivostok. As the skunk is an American animal, and not indigenous to either Siberia or Manchuria, it would appear as though someone had started breeding and rearing these animals in this region for the sake of their skins. The shooting of a fine specimen of the Manchurian grizzly in the Kirin forest by myself established for the first time the fact that the grizzly is an Asiatic as well as a North American animal.

From the point of view of the ornithologist, the Manchurian region is of exceptional interest. In the first place, it includes several distinct types of country, each having its own peculiar bird-fauna. This is more noticeable than with the mammals. These, taken in order of their relative importance, are: (1)the forested areas, which in reality belong to the Siberian forest-belt, and are characterized by such birds as the true jays, the wood owl, the nuthatch, the great black woodpecker, the hazel grouse, the blackcock, the capercaillie, and the long-tailed rose-finch; (2) the more open country of the west, southwest, and south, which belong more to the northeast China and Korean bird-zones, and are characterized by the presence of buntings, finches, shrikes, crows, rooks, magpies, various kinds of hawks and falcons, and numerous marsh birds; and (3) the strip of steppe country that fringes an arm of the semidesert of Eastern Mongolia, where the pin-tailed sand-grouse, the bearded partridge, the bustard, the wheatear, and various forms of lark make up the bird population.

Another fact which makes the ornithology of Manchuria so interesting is that the country forms the summer home and breeding resort of a host of migrant birds, whose winter haunts range down the China coasts and through the Japanese islands and on to the Philippines. Such birds are the herons, egrets, cormorants, gulls, terns, grebes, gallinules, some hawks and owls, cuckoos, kingfishers, swifts, swallows, warblers, flycatchers, and some finches. Many of these have a distinctly tropical appearance, and it is surprising to meet them so far north.

Lastly, Manchuria lies right in the path of one of the main migration routes of the birds-of-passage of the Eastern Hemisphere. Ducks, geese, swans, sandpipers, snipe, plover, cranes, terns, gulls, and other marine birds traveling northward from India, South China, the Philippines, and Australia either pass through the Manchurian region or skirt its coasts in order to reach their breeding-grounds on the tundras and arctic coasts of Siberia. They do this apparently to avoid the arid wastes of Mongolia, finding instead an ample food-supply in the rich marshes and valleys of the great rivers of Manchuria. It will thus be realized that the ornithology of Manchuria is particularly rich in species, and the reader will not be surprised to learn that some five hundred different forms of bird are known to occur at some time or other during the year in this country.

During a trip on the Yalu River in the spring of 1914, I was afforded an excellent opportunity of observing the migration of birds that had obviously passed northward along the Korean coast. Such widely different forms as the egret and the grosbeak were noted, but the chief migrants at this point were the smaller passerines — finches, war-

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blers, flycatchers, and the like. The woods and copses, thickets and reed beds were alive with birds, all full of song and many aglow with bright colors.

In the autumn of the same year and of that following, while in the North Kirin forest, I witnessed the return of the migrants. This time the birds were in much larger flocks, and there was no singing, while gay colors were the exception. One of the most interesting features of this great southerly migration was the way one species would seem to predominate for days at a time. Thus, for nearly a week while I was camped in the forest, dusky thrushes passed by in thousands every day, to the exclusion, it almost seemed, of every other bird.

In reptiles and amphibians the Manchurian region is somewhat richer than North China or Mongolia, but poor when compared with most other countries. Poisonous snakes are represented by two subspecies of the Japanese pit-viper and the common viper, the last occurring only in the extreme north and in Sakhalin Island. Several nonpoisonous snakes occur, the most characteristic and commonest species being the handsome black and yellow water-snake, which attains a large size, and is to be met with everywhere in the forest and along the river banks. I secured specimens measuring as much as five feet in length, while the natives told me that they reached much larger proportions. This reptile, when in its new coat, is extremely handsome, being of an intense shiny black, with rich markings of bright straw-yellow, or a duller golden-yellow, along the sides and under parts. The body in sunlight has an iridescent sheen. I secured one specimen without any yellow markings.

The common mud-turtle is very numerous in all the large rivers. Lizards, on the other hand, are not at all common, and I secured only two specimens during the whole of my time in the country. Batrachians, or amphibians, on the other hand, are extremely abundant. The beautiful little tree-frog is very common in certain places, notably along the Yalu and Sungari Rivers, but specimens are extremely difficult to secure. Its loud, resonant note may be heard, but its whereabouts impossible to discover, owing to the fact that the noise seems to be coming from every direction at once. Besides this there are the Amur frog, the common frog, the black-spotted edible frog, the warted frog, the beautiful little fire-bellied toad, and the Asiatic common toad.

A single specimen of Dybowski's salamander was secured in the forest of North Kirin, where I unearthed it from beneath a rotten log. Two or three other forms of tailed batrachians are known from the country.

By far the greater proportion of the fresh-water fishes of the Manchurian region belong to the great carp family. In this particular they agree with those of China. Indeed, with the exception of the salmonoids, which are plentiful in Manchurian waters and rare or nonexistent in those of China, the fishes of the Amur, Sungari, Usuri, Liao, and Yalu all find their counterparts in the rivers and lakes of China, though there are a certain number of species that are found in Manchuria and the Amur region alone. A fish that occurs in Manchurian waters and not in China is the pike.

Many of the human inhabitants of the Manchurian region depend for the greater part of their food upon the fish they catch. Notably is this the case with the people who live along the Sungari, Amur, and Usuri Rivers, where salmon of the same species as those inhabiting the waters of British Columbia, Oregon, Washington, and Alaska, run up stream in countless numbers

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every summer to spawn. From the females of these species, the famous red caviar is obtained.

Another form of fish that is common in the Amur and its tributaries is the sturgeon. It is an interesting point to note in this connection that, just as in the rivers that flow into the Black Sea there are two distinct types of sturgeon, so there are the same two types in the Amur basin, and nowhere else in the world, showing that in some way the system of the Amur and that of the Black Sea were connected at some period of the earth's history. It has already been pointed out that the fresh-water fish of Manchuria are closely related to those of China, but we now see that they also have some affinity with those of Europe and North America.

The marine fish of the Manchurian region are extremely numerous and varied. It is impossible to go into the subject here, but in passing it may be noted that they are closely related to those of the waters off the Pacific coasts of North America, in many cases the same species occurring in both areas.

In insects, and the lower forms of animal life generally, Manchuria is a veritable naturalist's paradise. Butterflies, moths, bees, wasps, flies, beetles, bugs, and spiders of every hue, size, and shape swarm in the woodlands and open country. On bright, warm days the air hums with the sound of their myriad wings. Gauze-winged dragonflies hover over the streams and marshes. Beetles, resplendent in their metallic-hued and shining armor, crawl in the undergrowth, or lurk beneath stones and mouldering logs.

Everywhere over the bushes and shrubs spiders spread their nets for the unwary fly. In the shade of the forest by day and everywhere by night mosquitoes by the million shrill their high-pitched trumpet-call as they search for their prey, while out in the sunlight the cruel stabbing horseflies in their hordes make life a burden for man and beast. At certain times, when the rainfall is not heavy, the black night is pierced by the myriad pinpoints of light that mark the path of the fireflies.

In spring and early summer, as dusk draws on, from the shining surfaces of the rivers and streams rise the countless fairy forms of mayflies and their kin to flit away a few short hours in play and then to die ere daylight finds them. It is then that the trout and grayling, the rainbow carp and mottled bass grow fat. Wherever one turns, at every hour of the day or night, from April till November, one is met by some wonder of the lower world, and it is only when the cold north winds of coming winter bring the first heavy falls of snow that this source of never-ending delight is withdrawn from the student and nature-lover.

Turning from the interior to the sea-coast one finds this wealth of invertebrate life well sustained in the numerous marine forms that occur along the shores. All kinds of shells are to be found, while the more rocky parts yield an abundance of crustacean life that is hard to beat anywhere in such northerly latitudes.

A very interesting point in connection with the crustaceans of the Manchurian region is the presence in the Amur basin of two species of crayfish that belong to a group only represented in this region and Japan. No crayfish is known to occur in Siberia.

The land snails and molluscs of Manchuria, as well as the insects, show very close affinities with those of Europe, in many cases the same species occurring in both regions. This fact, among others, goes to prove that the fauna of the land-mass of Eurasia, as the two continents have been called, is divided

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into two distinct sections by the great desert-belt that stretches from Morocco through North Africa, Arabia, and Central Asia to the western borders of Manchuria itself; and that it was only by way of Manchuria that certain of the northern forms of animals managed to spread to regions south of this desert-belt. This, in turn, has a bearing upon the natural history of China and tells us why the fauna of the north shows certain rather startling relationships to that of Europe, and also why the only tailed amphibians, newts and their kin, that occur south of the desert-belt are to be found in South China and the Japanese Islands.

Of the flora of Manchuria one almost hesitates to write. The subject is so vast that it is entirely out of the question to do it even the barest justice here. Formerly, in the forests along the Yalu and in areas recently opened up by settlers and exploited by lumber companies, conifers such as pine, spruce, fir, and, at the higher altitudes, larch formed the bulk of the heavy timber, but these have been cut away to a considerable extent and only the deciduous trees, such as oak, walnut, maple, and birch, remain. In the swampy areas that are so prevalent in certain parts, the white birch is the commonest tree. There still remain vast tracts elsewhere in Manchuria untouched by the woodsman's axe, where the valuable conifers form the main covering of the low hills and mountains; and it is these reserves, apparently, that the Japanese have been after in their negotiations with the Chinese Government for timber rights.

Of herbaceous flowering plants Manchuria displays a wealth and variety that baffles description. Clematis, anemone, lily, orchis, iris, larkspur, monkshood, rose, Canterbury bell, ranunculus, and other handsome bloomed plants grow in rich profusion in the open, while the woods are filled with violets, pansies, and primulas. In places the lily of the valley covers acres of ground, the rich white blossoms loading the air with their delicate perfume. Ferns and other cryptogams are very abundant, especially in the forests, where also a wonderful variety of fungoids, edible and otherwise, cover the fallen trees and deadwood.

Mention must be made of numerous fruit-bearing trees and shrubs that occur throughout the country. Of these the edible haw, the wild apricot, and the wild vine deserve special notice. Other wild fruits encountered are the crab apple, the red currant, the raspberry, a red dewberry, the strawberry, and a large, sweet berry of a green color with many small pips and flavor like that of a gooseberry, which grows on an enormous vine.

Wild asparagus is very common, the young shoots being sufficiently large to form a useful vegetable, while the young fronds of some of the large ferns may also be eaten.

Numerous plants with medicinal properties occur, and one of the industries of the country is hunting and gathering these. Foremost among them is the famous ginseng. The Chinese have a quaint couplet that runs: —

Kuan-tung chen san teng hao
Jen-seng tiao-pi wu-la tsao,

which may be rendered: —

Three valuable things come from 'East of the Pass,'
Ginseng, sable, and wula grass.

Wula grass is a peculiar fibrous grass which, when dry, is warm, springy, and does not easily break. The natives use it to stuff into their leather moccasins, called *wu-la*, thereby keeping the feet free from frostbite and bruising. Without this grass it is impossible to wear wu-la; hence its value.

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THE TWILIGHT OF THE TSARS

BY V. V. SHULGIN

[The author of these vivid reminiscences of the days immediately before the Russian throne was overturned was a member of the Duma. At that time he was a Liberal, though a supporter of the monarchy.]

From *Russkaia Mysl, June–July*
(Russian Liberal-Conservative Political and Literary Monthly)

All Petrograd is talking and gossiping about the same thing.

'Does the Empress know the Russian people?'

'She thinks she does — through Rasputin — and besides she carries on a vast correspondence, receiving letters from many so-called "common" persons. She judges the Russian people by these letters. She feels certain that the plain people adore her. As to the alarming reports received by the Emperor — she believes these a lie. You know, of course, about Princess V——?'

'She who wrote a very open-hearted letter to the Empress? Oh, yes. She was ordered to leave the capital, together with her friend, the former Minister of Agriculture. Princess V—— said in her letter that it was not her personal message — that it was the opinion of a number of Russian women. It was a protest —'

'Against Rasputin?'

'Of course.'

'Think of this: they say the Empress is a great believer in the principle of autocracy, of absolute monarchy. But who undermines Russian autocracy more than she does herself? Who disobeys the autocrat in the most flagrant way, to the knowledge of the whole country, if it is not herself? If the Empress was what she should be, she would have sacrificed Rasputin, no matter how much she esteemed him as a "holy father"; she would have done it the very first day she knew that suspicion touched Cæsar's wife. Instead of that we have this well-known sentence of the Emperor: "I prefer one Rasputin to ten hysterical fits a day."'

'He cannot help knowing what is brewing in the country. It will be worse when all Russia gets a fit of hysteria just because a husband was too weak to resist his wife. He offends everyone by admitting a notorious licentious adventurer to his palace, where it is so difficult for honest men to get access —'

This is what Petrograd is talking about day and night; and yet we have extremely little reliable information about Rasputin.

First of all, it is considered improper for a self-respecting person to have any communication with him. Therefore, I have never seen him and have no personal impression of him. However, I do not doubt that there are two sides to his character.

Here is the story told me by a Petrograd friend of mine who had no reason whatsoever to aid Rasputin propaganda.

'We had lost two children at almost the same time. One girl was sixteen, the other fourteen. My wife was in a terrible condition. Her despair bordered on insanity. No one could help her; she could not sleep; physicians

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gave her up. I was so intensely worried about her, that when somebody suggested that I call in Rasputin I did so. And — can you imagine? He talked to her for half an hour and she quieted down entirely. Her spirits brightened and she came back to life. Very likely the other things they say about him are true. But this is true also: he saved my wife.'

But here is another tale: that of the member of the Duma, Mr. K——, who evidently does not share the prejudices which keep so many of us from associating with Rasputin. They were out on a spree last night, and all he has to tell about Rasputin is very definitely reduced to just 'vodka and women.'

We have long waited for a union of the people and the upper classes: Grishka Rasputin does join both, with his double face — that of a seer and that of a low satyr. He turns his 'holy-father' face to the Tsar's family, and his satyr face to the rest of Russia. An indignant murmur goes through the country at the thought of Rasputin admitted to the rooms of the Tsaritsa; a bitterness toward the people is growing within those rooms because the people protest. 'Why do they clamor? Because this saint is praying for the health of our unfortunate heir, of our only boy, threatened with a fatal disease? Do they blame him for that?' Thus this two-faced forerunner of destruction stands between the throne and Russia, destroying mutual confidence, and leading both toward an abyss.

They murdered him on the sixteenth of December. Of course, it was a futile crime. What is the use of killing the snake after it has stung? But, with all that, the murder of Rasputin was a profoundly monarchistic act. It was understood as such. When the news reached Moscow — it was in the evening — the audience that filled the Opera House insisted that the national anthem be played. And — possibly for the last time in Moscow — the people stood up and sang 'God Save the Tsar.' Never did this prayer have a deeper significance.

I believe it was on the eighth of January that I had a very alarming interview with Shingarev, a Progressive member of the Duma, who was later murdered by the Bolsheviki while lying in a hospital.

'The situation is growing worse every day,' he said. 'Revolution means ruin, and we are rapidly drifting toward revolution. However, even without revolution we are plunging toward disaster at an extraordinary speed. The railroads are in a hopeless condition and it is already very difficult to supply Petrograd with food; we shall have no bread left to-morrow, and perhaps none to-day. Discontent is rife in the army, and the Petrograd garrison is unreliable. At the same time, as you know, our technical fighting capacity has grown to an extent never reached before. . . . Our spring offensive will be backed up with an unprecedented wealth of munitions. We ought to last until spring — but I am afraid we shall not.'

'We must.'

'Yes, but how? We have already missed all our opportunity. Even if our blind Government were to make concessions now, even if a Cabinet were formed of men believed to have the nation's confidence, the country would not be satisfied. Public sentiment has already shifted too far to the left; it has already outrun the Progressive Bloc in the Duma. We shall not be able to keep the people in check: they are now listening to those who are more radical than ourselves. It 's too late.'

'If we gain power,' I said, 'we ought to look for support by extending the Progressive Bloc to the left. I should call Kerenskii — say, as Minister of

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Justice. This post is of no significance now, but we must deprive the revolution of its eventual leaders, and Kerenskii, after all, is the only real leader there. It is better to have him with us than against us. But then — all this is nothing but guessing. Is there any sign that the Government plans to ask our aid?'

'None whatever. They are all badly scared; there is panic among them; but that is all. We must be prepared for anything.'

At that time I was a member of the Council of National Defense. I knew we were better supplied with munitions than ever before. Manikovskii, Chief of the Main Artillery Office, once explained to me that if we take, as a unit of comparison, the number of shells a Verdun gun fired in twenty-four hours during the siege of that fortress, the Russian army could maintain a Verdun fire along the whole front, from Persia to the Baltic, for one month.

'Thus the whole question is that of staving off the revolution for another two or three months,' I said one day to an Assistant Minister. 'If we should fail to hold out —'

'That would be the end of everything. The question now is to avoid sharp issues.'

'I do not think the Cadets in the Duma will raise sharp issues: they know that in the French Revolution the heads of the Girondists fell into the same basket with those of the Monarchists. They realize it well enough. They are afraid of revolution. And if a revolution should come, their present timidity will be remembered.'

I recall having been invited to a meeting of some incoherent organization — connected with the Alliance of Russian Townships and Zemstvos. All the earmarks of that institution were on hand: mountains of files, innumerable women typists and solemn men in spectacles, submitting ponderous reports heavily laden with figures — empty figures manipulated with the purpose of showing the importance of the organization itself rather than of presenting the real situation.

The subject of the meeting was the price of grain. After the first report a discussion started during which most of those present argued that the peasants did not wish to sell grain to the cities because 'this régime of ours' was incompetent and unpopular.

I listened and tried to picture to myself the peasants of my own Volhynia Government refusing to sell their bread because Prince Golitsin and not Mr. Miliukov was the President of the Council of Ministers! All this was perfect nonsense. The food difficulties were due, in my opinion, to the fact that those who were buying the peasants' grain did not advance the price at the time when an increase was necessary. I expressed my views on the subject.

Someone contradicted me, but I did not listen; I could read, from the expression of their eyes, that these people 'to the left of the Cadets' were consumed with hatred, an unreasoning and burning hatred of the landowners. I was one of the latter. And because the landowners might to some extent profit by having the price of grain raised, although the bulk of the increase would go to the peasants, they would do anything in the world rather than raise those prices. Anything I could say was considered by them merely the special pleading of a landowner.

In the beginning of February, about the time the Duma was to reassemble, a meeting of the revolutionary societies of workers and soldiers took place in Petrograd. A certain N. D. Sokolov, a Socialist and a man who apparently had no reason to distort the truth, described it to me as follows: —

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'Representatives of the workers proposed public demonstrations at the opening of the Duma. However, the representatives of the soldiers answered plainly: "Are you calling us out for revolution? In this case we are coming. If you are calling us merely to take part in demonstrations, we are not coming. Because, after a demonstration, you workmen can return to your factories, while we soldiers shall be shot." The workmen's representatives answered that they fully appreciated the argument, but that they were not ready for revolution.'

Thus the revolutionaries were not ready for revolution when the revolution was ripe because only half of the revolution was due to the efforts of the insurgents: the other half — if not two thirds — was due to the conscious weakness of those in authority.

Many of us were conscious of this weakness. Everything in Russia happened 'at the command of His Imperial Majesty.' That was the electric current that enlivened the wires; and this current was growing weak.

Our sense of oncoming revolution was so dreadful that even the Cadets in the Duma sobered down and became meeker. I remember the last session of the Duma. The old question of grain prices was being discussed. Outwardly everything was as usual, but essentially it was a different situation. A gloomy sense of alarm hung in the very air. During the speeches we felt that all this was unnecessary, belated, unimportant. Hopelessness itself stared at us from behind the white pillars of the hall, and whispered: 'What for? Does it matter now?'

On the eve of the Revolution the Committee of the Progressive Bloc met. I do not recall the subject discussed, but I felt, as I had before, our helpless aimlessness. We continued to criticize the Government, but had we been told, 'Come on and do it yourself,' we should have faltered and failed. It was impossible to prevail upon the Committee to select the men who would have to shoulder responsibility and to prepare for definite action. Even at the moment of overturning the existing Government we had no courage — or not sufficient cowardice — to face the situation as it was.

When we left the hall after the meeting closed, we met Kerenskii. As usual, he was running frantically somewhere, his head bent and his arms swinging violently. Skobelev, one of the Socialist deputies, was hastening after him. Kerenskii noticed us and came forward to meet us, saying, with arms outspread to emphasize his statement: —

'Well, Progressive Bloc, something must be done! The situation is critical. Are you going to do anything?'

I had never before met him personally. We belonged to very different and hostile camps. But I decided to seize my opportunity.

'In reply to your question,' I said, 'allow me to ask one of you. What do *you* think necessary? What would satisfy *you*?'

Kerenskii's furrowed countenance lighted up with an almost boyish expression.

'What? Very little. One thing is essential: the government must change hands.'

'Whose hands will receive it?' Maklakov asked.

'It does not matter. Just so they are not bureaucrats!'

'But why not bureaucrats?' Maklakov retorted. 'I should think they would be all right, if they were wiser and cleaner bureaucrats. The men whom you describe as "vested with popular confidence" are not competent to run the government.'

'Why not?'

'Because we do not understand the

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work. We do not know the technique. And there is no time to waste learning it.'

'Nonsense! The machine will keep going. What are all those offices and assistant secretaries for?'

'Don't you understand,' Skobelev interrupted, 'that you have the confidence of the people?'

'Well, is there anything else that is necessary?' I asked Kerenskii.

'Oh, well,' he said with a reckless and jolly gesture, 'a few liberties; suppose — some freedom of press and meetings and such things as that —'

'Is that all?'

'All, for the time being — Just so you hurry — Hurry!'

And he hastened on his way, Skobelev following.

To what did they hasten!

I felt that we — my comrades of the Progressive Bloc and myself — were born and reared either to praise or to blame the Government but only while sitting under its protection. In case of urgent need we might quietly exchange our Duma seats for Ministerial benches; but that was all. And that only on condition that an Imperial Guard ensure our safety.

But the collapse of the Government, and the bottomless abyss that yawned after such collapse — we became dizzy and our hearts stopped beating at the thought!

Impotence seemed to leer at me from behind the white pillars of the Taurida Palace, eyes filled with boundless, dreadful scorn —

AN ELEPHANT HUNT IN SOUTHERN ANAM

BY FRANÇOIS DE TESSAN

From *L'Opinion, September*
(Paris Nationalist Literary Weekly)

There are still wild elephants, not only in Cambodia but also in southern Anam, although hardly any are now left in the western part of Cochin China, where the land has been most thoroughly cleared. Sometimes, too, in the Ong-Bo country you can see a herd threading its way through the forest.

There are renowned elephant hunters in Indo-China who have fifty and sixty kills to their credit. Henry de Lachevrotière, editor of the Saigon *Impartial*, has killed more than forty, so I naturally found it impossible to resist the temptation when such a hunter brought news that a herd of twenty elephants had been sighted in the vicinity of Mount Takou. It was a splendid chance to get a close look at

L'admirable éléphant, dont le colosse énorme
Cache un esprit si fin dans sa masse difforme,

as the poet Delille puts it.

Now it is one thing to watch a procession of tame animals, marching in stately procession at the Court of Siam, and it is quite another to plunge into the jungle in quest of this powerful and intelligent creature. Very careful, therefore, were the preparations that we made for our expedition, since we

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knew that only with rifles of the heaviest calibre, and with the most careful stalking, could we hunt down the great tuskers of Mount Takou. Fifteen kilometres from Fantiet we got out of the train that took us down from Saigon, and there we found awaiting us the ponies, which another hunter had provided, as well as our supply-porters and a group of natives trained in tracking — a branch of woodcraft in which the Cambodians excel. We had before us a trip of some twenty kilometres before we should reach the country where our herd of elephants was wandering; and we struck straight off through the forest, which at first was not very thick. As we rode along with our well-disciplined little troop, over the *suoï* (little brooks), across clearings, and through tangles of high vegetation, Lachevrotière completed my education as a huntsman by recounting some of the incidents in which he had played a painfully prominent part in other elephant hunts.

'You have to be thoroughly acquainted with the habits of the elephants,' he explained to me. 'Then you don't run much risk. As a usual thing they don't charge a man — at least, not unless they are wounded — but they have an amazingly keen sense of smell, and to get anywhere near them you have to come up the wind whenever possible. At the first sign of danger, the instant they catch a strange odor, the moment they hear the least sound, they 're off! Although elephants are not able — as Pliny says — to learn Greek, they are certainly skilled psychologists, and they are incredibly suspicious; but when they think themselves unobserved, and when nothing disturbs them in their frolics, they can be very playful. You will see how they divert themselves in the wild.

'As a rule, the greater part of the herd is made up of young females. Then come the mothers with their young, and far behind, the male, — or the males, — sometimes a kilometre away, bringing up the rear. When a hunter is after ivory, he must not be in a hurry; he must let the females go by and shoot only when the males appear. There are never more than two or three leaders of a herd, often only one. Sometimes, indeed, there is only a single individual, for as an elephant gets old his temper gets worse and he gets thin. Then the younger ones chase him out of the herd, and he wanders around alone — a monster with whom there is no trifling.

'I have met but one of these animals — that was when I was running plantations in the west of Cochin China. He was a terrible brute, who had been wounded so often by natives and by French hunters that whenever he saw a man he charged at full speed. One day, when I was living near Camau, word was brought me that an Anamite had been slaughtered by a big black elephant. The animal had knocked the man down, put a foot on his breast, and then cracked his skull with one blow of the trunk. There was nothing left of the poor Anamite but jelly.

'I gave chase to the elephant that had done the deed, and found him soon enough. I got into a good firing position and let him have the first shot. Too low! He had only been scratched on the knee. As he charged furiously I took a second sight, but this shot missed him altogether. I had put only two cartridges into the magazine, and there was no chance to reload.

'My legs were my only chance. I ran for all I was worth, but, alas, the ground was so soft and slippery that I lost my balance. Behind me came the elephant. It was all over! I felt sure I should suffer the same fate as the Anamite whom I had set out to

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avenge, and all kinds of dreadful pictures flashed through my mind. Flat on the ground among the grasses, I waited for the final blow. Several seconds passed and nothing happened. The elephant had charged past without seeing me. Carried along by his own momentum, and no doubt surprised by my sudden disappearance, he had lost my trail. A few metres from the place where I had fallen, huge footprints bore witness to the death that had luckily passed me by.

'I need n't tell you how frightened I was by such an escape. After that I can tell you I look over my rifles carefully, and always take the precaution of carrying two. You can see that the extra gun might not be useless. As for my solitary elephant, I caught up with him a little later, and this time I settled his account.'

While Lachevrotière was talking, our ponies were carrying us steadily toward Mount Takou, until we halted at a forest hut a few kilometres from the place where the elephants were wandering. We spent the night in a little *caïnha*, roofed with thatch and perched on stilts, with a wall all around it.

Outside, two paces distant, the forest was filled with murmurs and strange music. The insect concert was mingled with the cries of animals and you could hear the monkeys skipping through the treetops and diverting themselves with mad gymnastics among the creepers. Loud sounds would be followed by suggestive silences. I might have been reading a passage from the *Jungle Book*, which had so stirred my imagination in Europe; but no man, not even Kipling, can ever give complete expression to the magic force of the jungle and the intensity of the hours one spends in it. There are moments when the jungle is calmer than a cathedral, and there are others when the busiest of the world's capitals give only a faint idea of the life that fills it. I was not sorry I had come to this solitude. Never in my life have I beheld a spectacle worthy to compare with this forest and with its awakening, the memory of which will be with me all my life.

In the morning our trackers, who had been sent out for elephants, picked up the trail; but since the elephants were moving through the country in groups of eight, there was a chance of making mistakes. There was a tangle of trails and displacements of earth to interpret, and our natives set skillfully about their task. They could tell the difference between a branch broken the day before and one broken to-day. They determined the freshness of the dung that the beasts had left behind. There were sloping banks which the elephants had almost wiped out by playing toboggan on them, sliding down as they went along, on their hind legs and their rumps. In other places huge openings were ripped in the heavy undergrowth. We had to move with patience and without making a sound. Needless to say, we had left the horses behind at the hut where we spent the night; and had ourselves put on moccasins in order to move more lightly and silently.

Just as we were about to emerge into an open space, after two hours of elephant stalking, we saw the leader of the natives turn in his tracks and signal to us to stop. '*Voï!*' (elephants) was all he said. By this time we could hear the dull sound of their tread and the noise of their trunks, thrusting aside or smashing the branches of the trees. Suddenly there was a loud cracking and then a long rustling; one of the pachyderms had knocked over a tree. We approached the clearing with infinite precautions, rifles in hand, and found ourselves about sixty metres distant from three females, who were

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placidly eating the fresh tips of the branches and tearing out others with their trunks. More elephants came after them, as the herd, thinking itself quite secure, advanced unhurriedly, while two smaller animals displayed their joy in life by frolicking around their protectors. There were eight elephants in the line, keeping under cover in the edge of the woods and making a little semicircle to our right, in order to keep in the cool, for the day was beginning to be rather hot.

Suddenly a young male appeared, some eight or nine feet high, coming in our direction. We all had our rifles at our shoulders. Lachevrotière was to give the signal to fire. When our victim was some twenty metres distant, three shots rang out. The animal sank down, then pulled himself together and came on a pace or two. At the sound of the shots, part of the herd had dashed into the forest, destroying everything in their way like a passing hurricane. Now a touching thing happened. Two females, seeing that the bull had been hit, turned in their tracks and came back to help him. Putting their trunks under his breast, one on the left and the other on the right, they tried to support and save him, but he was mortally wounded, and sank to the ground in spite of the intelligent aid they offered him. The females, in their turn, were shot down beside the body of the elephant they had tried to save.

All this, naturally, occurred in less time than it takes to tell it. Our natives, in ecstasy and without a thought of danger, raced over to where the huge animals lay with our 11 mm. Lebel and Mauser bullets in their heads. While a runner was hastening back along a forest pathway to the place where a working party was engaged in opening a road six kilometres away, the Anamites who had stayed with us began to cut up the elephants. That was not the least picturesque scene of the day. With sturdy blows of their hatchets and billhooks they cut through the hide of the first elephant and then made a square opening, after which they set systematically to curing it. With the assistance of a quartet of auxiliaries who came up a little later, they cut off and set aside a portion of the meat, the fat, and a portion of the entrails for medicinal purposes; and they were especially careful to secure the trunks and tongues, which are esteemed as special delicacies. After a day's work, there was not much left of the elephants, and what remained had to be abandoned to the vultures. Within an hour of our kill, one of these cleansers of the jungle had begun to circle in the sky above the bodies, and then came a second, and another and yet another, until a whole squadron had gathered, ready to pounce upon this coveted prey at the first opportunity. In the end, their sinister beaks were moving low, just over our heads, the treetops stirring with the gusts from their wings.

As we left the clearing they swooped greedily down upon the fragments that the Anamites had left. We knew that by evening the enormous bones of the elephants would be the only testimony to the drama that had taken place—the bones of the elephants, scattered here and there by the natives and the vultures, greedy scavengers of the jungle.

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OVER THE ANDES

BY LEWIS R. FREEMAN

From the *Cornhill Magazine, October*
(English Literary Monthly)

The latter part of the railway journey across the pampas of Argentina is made at night. The evening previous to the arrival at Mendoza the last of the daylight reveals to you the apparently interminable plain, with the sunset glow fading behind a skyline as smooth and unbroken as the horizon of mid-ocean. In the night the swaying of the train tells of curves that are being rounded, and in the early morning the steady 'chug-chugging' of the engine voices its protest against a heavy grade.

You shake and rub the dust-curtain of the window, and in the wan light of the dawn observe that you are passing through a rough, rocky country, mostly dry and barren, and with no vegetation, save a few hungry cacti and occasional patches of lean scrub. The prospect does not interest you in the least, and you are about to drop sleepily back into your blankets, when you chance to lift your eyes and see the towering ranges of the Cordillera of the Andes bathed in the first ethereal glow of a sun that, for you, is still half an hour below the horizon. There are many sights on land and sea that transform for passing moments, all too brief, the common things of earth into the wondrous seeming of things celestial, but for exquisite beauty few to compare with the rose glow of a yet unrisen sun upon a snowy mountain range.

Nobody lies long in bed after his first sight of the Andes, and everybody crowds the platforms. You are still at a comparatively low altitude yourself, — not much over two thousand feet, — but all the mountains around you are so big that there is nothing to indicate (save perhaps the breadth of the snow-belt) that the peaks at which you are gazing are all over twenty thousand feet in height, more than five thousand feet higher than Mont Blanc or Mt. Whitney. Aconcagua, twenty-four thousand feet, the loftiest mountain in the western hemisphere, is in your line of view, but with its summit cut off from sight by a lower and more imminent peak. . . .

In endeavoring to cross the Andes at any time in the autumn after the first of May, one stands something more than an even chance of being turned back at the summit by a snowstorm, and such for a while appeared to be the fortune of my own party. There was a light fall of snow on the night previous to the morning set for our departure from Las Cuevas, and it was only after considerable deliberation that the guides would consent to make the attempt. Their reluctance, I think, was due to the state of the weather, which was lowering and dull, rather than to any difficulties likely to be met with upon the trail itself.

Fortunately there was waiting to be sent over a bunch of five hundred cattle, and these it was decided to put through ahead of us as 'trail-breakers.' These animals were started off at daybreak, and the passengers were not allowed to begin the ascent until the last of them had disappeared over the summit. It was also ascertained by telephone that no one was coming up

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the trail from the Chilean side, as a man, or even a pack train, caught in the wild rush of a mob of crazy cattle down a mountainside would have had but the shortest of shrifts.

It was at the suggestion of a young Chilean artist, who was also an Alpine climber of considerable note, that the two of us had our mules saddled at daylight, took our coffee with the drovers, and followed them with their cattle up to the *cumbre*. It was his thoughtfulness which provided a spirit lamp, half a dozen eggs, and four rolls. The sight was an astonishing one — one of the strangest and most thrilling I ever had the fortune to witness.

The cattle were mostly wild pampean steers that had been rushed through by fast freight from sea level in less than two days' time. Their thin coats were ill calculated to withstand the biting cold of the higher Andes, and their respiratory organs still less to meet the strain of dealing with the rarefied air of the very considerable altitude. They were full of life from the snappy, invigorating atmosphere, and it was as amusing as pitiful to see one of them charge away at full speed for fifty yards, stop abruptly as the oxygen began to run short, and then stand still in dumb, wide-eyed amazement, its wildly throbbing heart threatening to burst through the violently heaving chest.

The drovers from the pampas — typical Gauchos — were almost useless on their plains ponies, both man and beast bringing up quite winded from every sharp gallop after a stubborn stray. This threw most of the work on the mountain-bred Chilean drovers, who had come down to Las Cuevas to meet the bunch, and right manfully did they buckle down to their arduous task.

As long as the bunch kept the trail everything was easy. It was when they began to straggle and break away that something had to be done, and that quickly. But the breaking away was invariably done in typical cow-fashion — always by ones and twos and threes, and then only half-heartedly. If the whole mob of steers had turned back at the same time they would have had pretty much their own way, trampling down all opposition and tobogganing back to the valley with scant opposition. Even a dozen of them could have done it if they had acted together. As it was, however, only one of the whole lot gained his freedom, and that at a prohibitive price.

This was a big red rack of hide and bones, with a four-foot spread of horns and the body and legs of a race horse. With a vicious snort he broke from the train and came tearing down the mountainside, his raucous bellows booming out on the still air like a foghorn. There was no time to head him, so one of the plucky Chilenos did the next best thing. Reining sharply off the trail, he put his big mule at a gallop and sent it full into the shoulder of the flying steer. The mule lost its feet for a moment, but the rider kept his seat, though one of his huge carved wooden stirrups, striking a jutting ledge, was split in twain. The steer went rolling, but only to come up, still running, well beyond the cordon of the drovers.

For the next minute it was about an even break between the steer and the cowboys, with the chances favoring now one side and now the other. As the bellowing beast came up from its fall, a Gaucho — one of the pampean drovers — let fly with his bolas or three-ball lassoo, and sent the animal down in a tangled heap. The 'tie' was an imperfect one, however. The great legs thrashed themselves clear of the cumbering rawhide, and just before the daredevil Chileno was upon it the steer was up and off again. A dozen yards

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more and it had plunged over a ten-foot ledge into a drift of soft snow, and the drover pulled up, vanquished.

Two of the Argentinos still had their bolas and, as the laboring body floundered into view, these were launched down upon it simultaneously. One set flew wide by yards, and the other, overthrown on account of the slope, only caught the tips of the spreading horns, around which they wrapped and held, crowning the determined beast as with a garland of victory.

It seemed all over but the shouting, and to this end the artist and I sacrificed two whole chestfuls of our carefully conserved breath in a rousing cheer for the plucky steer. Pursuit was out of the question, and he had fairly smooth and open going all the way back to the valley. But even while the gaunt image of the fugitive loomed large in the lenses of our binoculars, we saw it begin to waver, saw the snow before it go suddenly red, saw the sinewy legs totter and collapse, and then the whole frame lunge forward and collapse into a quivering heap. It must literally have torn its heart and lungs to pieces by its frantic exertions in the rarefied atmosphere.

Turning to their herd again, the drovers resumed their climb to the summit of the Uspallata Pass. Before the twelve-thousand-foot mark was reached most of the steers were bleeding from the nose, and for the last quarter-mile up and through the great snow-gate at the cumbre there was not a square foot of unbloodstained white on either side of the trail. There was no tendency to cut and run during this part of the journey; only a heavy-footed, patient plodding, an incessant stumbling and pitching forward, and the uninterrupted drone of low, piteous moans of distress.

The cattle were given a few minutes to breathe at the summit, while the drovers tightened girths for the downward scramble into Chile. The big red steer that broke away was the only loss to be checked against the ascent of the Argentine side, for in spite of the sufferings of the rest of the bunch not another one had dropped out on the trail. Such luck as this was not to be hoped for in the more precipitous descent of the western slope. . . .

The cumbre or summit was the point at which my young artist friend and I had promised to await the coming of the rest of the party; hence, save for the brief vision our glasses gave us of odds and ends of the mad procession lurching along exposed bits of trail, we saw no more of the cattle drive. In these passing glimpses were exemplified most of the facts I have just mentioned about the ways of a steer with a mountainside; also two or three other things. Among these latter was the vindication of the physical truth that two bodies cannot exist in the same place at once; in other words, that ten or a dozen steer cannot crowd along a five-foot-wide trail simultaneously.

Whenever they tried this manœuvre, we would see a lot of little red balls go bounding down the mountain out of sight. Ordinarily these would have been total losses; but this day, owing to the softness of the new-fallen snow, most of the animals survived the shock and were able to continue on their way. Only a half-dozen head were lost out of the whole five hundred in sliding down from the cumbre to Portillo. Considering the time of year, this was considered a most favorable record.

At short intervals along the most exposed section of the winter trail over the Uspallata Pass have been erected stone shelter-houses for the use of those caught out by storms, or who, for any other reason, may find it necessary to halt and rest. Occasionally wood and food are to be found in them, — both

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are regularly supplied by the Governments of Argentina and Chile for that purpose, — but these are usually consumed, as fast as they are put out, by the guides and packers, who construe chilled fingers into 'sore need' as an excuse for getting free food and fire.

These houses are built with thick walls and roofs of solid arched stone to withstand the weight of the winter snows. A small space is leveled in front of the doorway and enclosed with a stone wall, to be used as a corral for the pack mules. This wall is run part way round the house so that the lee of the latter may offer the animals some protection from the wind.

There is always a strong and bitterly cold wind drawing over the summit of the Pass at this time of year, and, once the excitement of the cattle-driving was over, my companion and I found ourselves quite ready to defer further observation until we had thawed out and breakfasted. To this end we sought the interior of one of the stone houses and lighted, or rather tried to light, our spirit lamp.

Alcohol is an uncertain thing in its action, however taken, applied, or employed, but never so much so as when used in anything but a specially constructed lamp at a high altitude. Anywhere above ten thousand feet you need a safety-deposit vault in which to light it, and even after it is apparently well started it has a disgusting habit of getting the sputters and going out for no reason at all. By nursing it like a sick baby inside your coat and keeping the cold air away from it you may sometimes make it burn long enough to boil water, but even then the water, on account of the altitude, is hardly hot enough to melt butter.

My friend nursed the lamp under a cup of simmering water in which an egg had been broken for twenty minutes without producing a shade of grateful color in the transparent white of the albumen. Then I nursed it for twenty minutes, or rather I started with the intention of doing so. After about ten minutes I must have let a spoonful of cold air get in, for the thing, after a premonitory spell of convulsive coughing, exploded with a savage 'whoof.'

My flannel shirt absorbed all the water, of course, which was a mere incidental to the fact that it also soaked up all the egg. If the latter had only been half as much cooked as the boiling would have warranted one in expecting, there might have been some chance for salvage operations; in its still liquid state it was a total loss. After that we threw the lamp out to the mules and made our breakfast on lump-sugar sandwiches and egg-cognac cocktails.

When we pushed out again we found our mules fast asleep, leaning over at an angle of fifteen degrees against an unexposed wall of the house. A hazy sun had risen from somewhere behind the sharp range of peaks at the back of Las Cuevas, slightly but perceptibly tempering the chill of the whistling wind. The valley below was still in heavy shadow, but so clear was the air that we could see without our glasses the movements of the packers and passengers as they bustled about making preparations for a start.

For a while, as the way followed the route of the summer coach-road up the open valley, these bunches would scatter out and draw in again, as friends sought friends, or frisky animals cut capers with nervous and inexperienced riders. But when the bridle-trail was reached — the same we had followed with the cattle — the disorderly masses gradually resolved themselves into a single long wavering black line, which began slowly but steadily mounting the zigzags toward the summit.

Soon the line began breaking into sections, where a lazy or overburdened

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mule would fall behind and hold back all that followed it. At the turns of the zigzags the better-mounted ones would seek cut-offs and push by the others until, by the time the first mile of the ascent had been covered, the whole line had gradually sorted itself out according to the speed of the various mules.

Some of the units always rode in pairs without changing their position. These were 'family parties.' Others also rode in pairs, but kept forging rapidly ahead. Those were made up each of a guide and a passenger, the former leading the latter's mount by special arrangement.

There was one formation which puzzled us completely for a while. This was a constantly changing bunch of riders who appeared always pressing in upon and revolving around, when the trail was wide enough to permit it, a single unchanging central unit. This performance struck us as being most unreasonable and quite unprecedented under the circumstances, to say nothing of the danger it involved. We had followed the mysterious formation through our glasses for fully five minutes, quite unable to make head or tail out of it, when my companion's quick perceptions divined the reason of the phenomenon.

'*La actriz Española!*' he exclaimed triumphantly; 'the caballeros of the party are paying court to her.' And, surely enough, it was a Spanish actress who, so one of the packers had already assured us, had planned to set out from Las Cuevas with her saddlebags bulging with bottles of champagne.

Knowing that the main party would probably care to spend little time on observation on the wind-swept summit, we decided to have a look round while we were waiting for them to come up. The first thing that catches the eye on surmounting the cumbre is the colossal statue of Christ, erected at that point early in the present century to celebrate the peaceful settlement of the boundary dispute between Argentina and Chile. The money to defray the expense of the undertaking was raised by popular subscription, and not a small amount of it came from the United States and Great Britain.

The statue is well in keeping with the event it was designed to commemorate and the idea — the triumph of arbitration — it is intended to express. The figure of Christ stands with one arm about a tall cross, the foot of which rests upon a granite pedestal, and with the other arm extended in a gesture which one understands at once as a command of peace. The unveiling of the statue was made the occasion of a great gathering of the people of the two republics upon the summit, and the military pageant held at that time stands quite alone among spectacles of its kind.

The view from the summit is magnificent in whichever direction one turns, but it is rather more interesting and varied toward the Pacific. That ocean is not over a hundred miles in a straight line from the crest of the divide, but all sight of it is cut off by the intervening summits. The scenery in this, or any other part of the Andes, is on too vast and imposing a scale for a man to come to any adequate comprehension of it. Still more hopeless is the possibility of conveying any effective impression of it to others. You may think you can describe it until you try; then you find that you are but stringing meaningless adjectives and shopworn similes together.

At first you are inclined to be disappointed at your impotency; then you begin to feel small and ashamed that you should have presumed to attempt such a thing; finally, like a man covering up traces of guilt, you hasten to tear up and burn what you have written

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before someone comes and finds what you have been doing. There are some men who can draw better than others word-pictures of these great manifestations of Nature, just as some men can paint better pictures on canvas than can others; but the best descriptions are only sounding-brass and tinkling-cymbal imitations of the unspeakable grandeur of the originals. Personally I throw up my hands and call myself off at the outset.

The national boundary-line between Argentina and Chile follows the Continental Divide along the summits of the Cordillera, and the plain stone monument marking it at the Uspallata Pass stands not far from the statue of Christ. The *Christo* itself is also on the line, and it was the original intention to have that statue facing the south, so that apparent preference should not be shown either country. Through some error of the builders, however, or through the pulling of invisible wires, the great bronze figure was set facing the east — the direction of Argentina.

Chilenos were much incensed at the slight they fancied had been put upon them, and the incident bade fair to stir up a war on its own account, when the *Mercurio*, of Santiago, was inspired to remark that the setting of the statue with the face toward Argentina was a dispensation of Providence for which all true Chileans should be highly thankful, for did not the country by the Plate need Christ's attention much more than did their own land? Everybody laughed at that astute observation, and to-day a Chilean will oftener call a stranger's attention to the way the Christo stands — and the reason for it — than will an Argentino. . . .

As the main party began to straggle up to the end of the grade, the guides stopped its various members at a sheltered spot in the lee of the summit in order to rest the mules and tighten the girths for the descent into Chile. Here the artist and I rejoined them, to come upon as grotesque a sight as was ever given to the eye of mortal man to behold.

There was only one thing in common among the heterogeneous units — their wrappings against the cold which they fancied was assailing them. These were such as might have awakened the envy of a Polar explorer or an Egyptian mummy. They were literally swathed to the eyes, so that there was nothing to differentiate men from women except the way they sat their mules. An analysis of the costumes of 'those present' would have baffled the critical eye of a society reporter. Ponchos, ordinary blankets, and newspapers were most in evidence. The ponchos were worn in the usual manner, over head and shoulders, the blankets as cloaks, and the newspapers as foot-warmers and chest-protectors.

One fat young Chileno, on a foundation of his auto togs, had erected a mountain of covering consisting, as nearly as I could discern, of a bathrobe, an overcoat, a waterproof, a steamer rug, and a white woollen bed-blanket. Others of the men wore equally fanciful armor against the expected cold. The bundles containing the women were so fearfully and wonderfully constructed that it would have taken a bargain-sale advertisement and a laundry list to have come near a classification of their component wrappings. . . .

The grotesque caparisoning of the lot of them was directly traceable to a single sentence in a carelessly compiled railway folder, which read as follows: 'Passengers for the higher Andes are earnestly advised to take with them plenty of heavy wraps for the great altitudes, a plentiful supply of vaseline, or some other emollient, for the face, and dark glasses to protect the eyes from the glare of the sun on the snow.'

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Human beings 'outsheep' sheep when once started, and when some of the party began making up as per the railway folder that morning the rest fell in and floundered after.

The esprit of the party was as bad as its appearance. They had been assured that the worst of the journey was down the Chilean side of the pass, and as a consequence were getting small comfort from the fact that the going, so far, had been comparatively easy. The blood on the trail from the passage of the cattle had also been working upon their nerves, the more so from the fact that someone had circulated the report that the steers had gone mad, started goring each other, and at any moment might be expected to come charging back along the trail.

Several of the women had gone off their heads from the altitude, and these were saying all sorts of funny things to their husbands, the guides, or whoever chanced to be nearest them. Most of them wanted to be taken back *en seguida* to Buenos Aires, but one of them was strong on doing the heroic by insisting that her husband should abandon her to her fate and save himself. Nerves are bad things to take away from sea level.

The Spanish actress and her satellites were the only really cheerful members of the ill-assorted party, and I suspected that champagne had more to do with their brave bearing than did sober fortitude. A single bottle of wine had been saved to be drunk upon the summit, but no sooner was it opened than the discovery was made that the only glass in the party had been lost. The artist came to the rescue with my tin cup, thereby earning the promise of a box at the lady's show when it opened in Valparaiso.

He ultimately came back, bearing the cup with a swallow of highly bubbly wine in the bottom of it; also Donna Dolores's compliments, and would I do her the honor of taking her photograph sitting on the pedestal of the Christo statue? I had no great enthusiasm for baring my hands again to the biting wind, but as I had already disposed of the wine there was no way of avoiding it.

Wheeling my mule into position, I ran out the lens of my camera to an approximate focus and waited for her ladyship to compose herself for the picture. Then it appeared that the capricious young thing had the audacity to want to be 'snapped' sitting away up on top of the granite pedestal, and at the very feet of the statue. To reach this point without a ladder or an airship would have been a physical impossibility for a steeplejack — a fact, however, which my willful and distinguished subject refused to acknowledge without a struggle. For fully five minutes, during which the wind swiftly but surely reduced my fingers to nerveless icicles, aided by a score of willing hands she tried every possible combination to effect her purpose.

The pyramid work performed by that little band of devoted followers in endeavoring to make their lady a human staircase to the goal of her desire would have done credit to a trained troupe of professional tumblers. At last they raised her to where her outstretched fingers could just grasp the edge of the top of the pedestal; but alas! she lacked the strength to draw herself up. In spite of the utter hopelessness of climbing higher, she refused to relax her hold, and stubbornly clung there, crying like a child in the tantrums and frantically grinding her sharp French heels into the unlucky necks that chanced to lie in their orbits.

Exhaustion comes quickly after effort at fourteen thousand feet, and it was only a fraction of a minute before the foundations of the human pyramid

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collapsed and went down like a house of cards. The Señora, who had been the apex of the pyramid, naturally fell the farthest and hit the hardest. Impacting sharply with the snow, she somersaulted and rolled. Quite the longest roll of the lot, too. Fortunately the snow was soft, so that she was little the worse, bodily, for the fall.

Her temper, however, was in rags and tatters. Raging like a young tiger, she drove off in a wide circle the faithless friends who had 'let her down,' after which she had a guide bring up her mule and lift her into the saddle. Then she sang out '*Listo*,' and I, crushing the bulb of my shutter between numbing palms — took the picture. Thus 'high art' in the Cordillera.

Our descent from the cumbre was 'ticklish' in places, but by no means dangerous. The trail was very steep all the way, and for the first mile, where the snow had been pounded hard by the cattle, the footing was somewhat precarious. Over this part we had to keep the mules in the soft snow beside the beaten trail to prevent their slipping. . . .

The Andean mule is wonderfully sure of foot, and it is the custom to give him his head entirely and never to use the rein, not even to hold him in case of a stumble. Sometimes, of course, a mule will strike a place where his unshod feet get no hold, and then he simply has to go. But this is a matter of only the slightest concern to him — and to his rider too if the latter is used to it. The sagacious brute simply stiffens his forelegs out in front of him, lets his hind legs take care of themselves, and slides on his tail, or more properly his haunches. Thus a considerable friction-surface is created, headway is checked, and the sharp forehoofs, always gouging deeper, soon cut a hold from which he can regain his feet.

The first time your animal performs this manœuvre, you will probably have to throw your arms around his neck to keep you from sliding off backward; after that you will begin learning when to expect it, and to anticipate the disturbance of your centre of gravity by throwing your shoulders sharply forward and the feet back — just the reverse of your seat during the time your mount is picking his way downward on all fours. Old mules which have gone through six or eight winter campaigns on the Uspallata have all the hair worn off the outer part of their tails and hind legs as a consequence of constantly resorting to this expedient to keep from slipping — which makes one glad to learn that there are no flies in the higher Cordillera, even in summer.

One of these mules seems never to get in trouble save through the intervention of a fool rider, and even then his sure instinct usually pulls him through. The only combination that the mule has not something up his sleeve against is a hole in the ground with a crust of snow over it. If it is not too steep the animal will often feel his way with his forefeet and so avoid even one of these treacherous pitfalls. But if a careless rider suddenly jerks him off the trail and down a forty-five degree slope over unbroken snow, the chances are, if a hole happens to lie in the way, that there is going to be trouble. This usually takes the form of a head-dive and a somersault, then some more somersaults, and ultimately a stretcher for the rider — which is quite as it should be — and a bullet for the mule — which is a crying shame.

Still, an imbecile in our party did this thing, and, thanks to the special providence that watches over his kind, turned but one somersault, broke no bones, and only had the wind knocked out of him. Neither was the mule greatly damaged; but he was so disgusted with his late rider that he refused to allow himself to be captured,

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forcing that individual, who was a fat priest and much averse to walking, to pay one of the guides ten pesos for the use of the latter's mount for the remainder of the journey.

After an hour of this helter-skelter going down the mountain, we came at last to a broad and level table-land, with the smooth, dry coach-road leading away straight across it. At the farther end of this mesa three coaches were waiting, sent up from Juncal by the Villalonga Express for the eight or ten of us who had wired for them. Our mules scented a finish to their work, and without any further urging launched off at a swinging gallop down the broad road.

Halfway to the coaches we caught up with the indefatigable young artist, who had walked or slid all the way down from the summit and beaten the best of the mules. He was also scheduled for a coach, so, telling him to grab a stirrup strap-leather, I took him along beside me in great bounds. I drenched him in a dash through a shallow creek, but dried him off in the dust of our breakneck finish to the waiting coaches.

It was good to get down to the heavier air again, but I was genuinely sorry to give up my good old black mule. I tendered him my best wishes in a farewell pat, which meant 'Light loads, easy roads, and plenty to eat,' and he snorted back something that sounded like 'No hope!' as the coach wheeled round in a whirl of gravel. As we dipped over the grade to Portillo we could see a long string of the party still negotiating the zigzags back on the snowy mountainside; still higher could be seen the pack train, the great dark roads showing clear against the white background, with the metal on a trunk occasionally flashing in the brightening sun like a heliographic signal.

THE SLOWEST HORSE IN THE WORLD

BY BASSETT DIGBY

From the *New Statesman, September* 23
(Liberal Labor Weekly)

There are many extraordinary clans, castes, and unions of men in Russia, who are like no clans, castes, and unions of men anywhere else in the world. Naïve and superstitious; cunning and kindly; grasping and generous; blend of modern Asiatic and mediæval European — Russians.

The *isvostchiki* are the sledge- and cab-driver caste. They are a unique folk. There is no age-limit to isvostchiki, or standard of honesty or skill — or odor. Recently there were three Moscow isvostchiki working at ages over ninety-five, and at least fifty eight-year-olds. But all isvostchiki dress alike in the long caftan and squat beaver topper that was the dress of Russians in the good old days of Ivan the Terrible. The caftan is a padded blue greatcoat reaching to the ground. It is worn in the sweltering heat of July and in the blizzards of January.

If I were writing you a complete

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description of Russia in one page of terse statements, I should say of this caste: 'In Russia you are driven by isvostchiki. They are demons.'

In these days, you see, there are no taxicabs, and the trams are jammed and seething hives of smelly peasantry. If you want to go anywhere in a Russian city you are at the mercy of the isvostchik. To procure his services you have to bargain. You tell him where you want to go. If he does not want to go there, he says so, and names a fantastic figure. It is then open to you to fall back on the official schedule for drives, which fixes a payment of so much for the first ten minutes and so much for every five minutes subsequently.

This is 'po-taxa' driving, and it is naturally to the interest of the isvostchik to make it last as long as he can. He must not walk. If he walks you can appeal to the police or get out and go away without paying. Most isvostchiki hate 'po-taxa' drives. Only the meanest-spirited will endure it. The others murmur that their horse is tired and must rest, or that it is nearly time to go home and that the stables lie in the other direction.

One evening I was talking with a youth in the Balkan Tchainaya, or Tea-House, on the fringe of the Krugs. He had a withered right arm. He was one of those peddlers of gaudy felt slippers who festoon their wares around their neck, like strings of onions.

'They are bad men, those isvostchiki,' he conceded. 'My uncle was an isvostchik — but he owned the slowest horse in the world!' He told me this with pride, and I made the requisite polite noises.

'Drink up thy tea and pass thy glass, brother.' When he had done so, I poured in a few spoonfuls of colorless liquid that might have been water. Then again, it might not. Andrei's eyes shone. Liquor-hunting is weary work in these prohibitionist days. . . .

'My uncle could not read or write. But he was more intelligent than many of the intelligentsia. He saw how many isvostchiki were poor men, through refusing to accept reasonable offers for a drive, and pleading that their horses were tired when gentlemen wished to take them "po-taxa." So he gladly took gentlemen and ladies, and even men with a washhandstand and six chairs, or nine carcases of pigs "po-taxa."

'For this work he bought an elderly horse. This horse would take thirty minutes to trot from Sergievskaia to the Galernaya, which brought in seventy kopecks. After a while uncle trained it to take thirty-five minutes. That brought in eighty kopecks. Then it became afflicted with many devils and could not be induced to take more than twenty-five minutes. So uncle sold it and bought for ten rubles less a venerable white horse. It was a good slow horse, but it had a way of stopping every once in a while and walking a few paces. Then the passenger used to complain to the authorities.

'Uncle sold it for twenty-six rubles and went to the slaughterhouse at the Apraxin Rinok, where he bought a horse for twenty-three rubles. It was a very slow horse, but it had a large appetite. Uncle sold it for twenty-one rubles. After that he called round at the stearin factory of the Englishman Godfrey.

'"I hear that you sometimes have old horses to sell?" he said.

'"That is so," said the Englishman Godfrey. "Are you a Tatar butcher?"

'"I am not a Tatar butcher, but my master is," said my uncle.

'"In that case, as you will slaughter my poor old horse for meat for the Moslems, you shall have it. I have sometimes sold my old horses to dogs

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of infidels who put them between the shafts again. But you will have to bring back my poor old horse's hoofs for the yard foreman to see."

'So my uncle bought the horse of the Englishman Godfrey for fifteen rubles, and next day he drove it round to the Apraxin slaughterhouse, where he bought a pair of hoofs of the right color and took them back to the yard foreman of the Englishman Godfrey.

'That was a wonderful horse, Barin. Uncle called it Zolotoiskatel (Goldminer), so much money did he earn. No one had ever seen a horse trot like Zolotoiskatel. Horses that had begun to walk up the Nevski Prospekt three minutes after Zolotoiskatel had started to trot that way with a "po-taxa" passenger, overtook him at the Gostinnoi Dvor and reached the Liteyeni long before him.

'But really Zolotoiskatel did not trot at all. No. He had a knack of marking time, soldierwise, with his legs swinging like a trotter. But as he actually did move, and as he was not walking, the ladies and gentlemen found it was no use to appeal to the police.

'Zolotoiskatel could take fifty minutes from the Tauris Palace to the Morskaya. That was a ruble and twenty kopecks.

'Other isvostchiki began to notice him. Uncle had many offers for him. One day an isvostchik offered him two hundred rubles. But uncle refused to sell him.

'When the summer came on uncle got tired of the hot city streets. He thought it would be much pleasanter to own a nice little sunflower farm down in his native village in Bessarabia. So he went off by the train for two days and three nights to Mantovo; and he left me to drive Zolotoiskatel while he was away.

'I was only a small boy. I was eleven years old. I did not like having to drive Zolotoiskatel. It was poor fun. Every time another boy isvostchik passed me he used to turn round in his seat and cry: "Hah! Hah! Son of a snail!" Or: "Akh! I could race thee with a lame hen!" So after a while when they said this I used to slash at Zolotoiskatel with my whip.

'When they beat their horses it did no good, for their horses were used to beatings. But Zolotoiskatel had not been touched with a whip for many weeks. So he flew like the wind and we left behind those scoffing boys.

'One night I raced a grown-up isvostchik with a fine horse for more than a verst. All the way up the Gorokhovaya we flew like the wind. We came to the station neck to neck, so fast that even the *nasilstchiki* stopped lifting baggage and gaped at us.

'"That was a fine race," I said to the other isvostchik, while we were pocketing our fares. My passenger had given me a good tip. Suddenly a stick fell across my shoulders and across my arm' — he jerked his head toward his withered limb — 'and all over me. It was uncle. He had just come back from Mantovo. . . . That is why I am no longer an isvostchik.'

'And Zolotoiskatel?'

'Zolotoiskatel was no good. Uncle drove him for a few days and then he went back to the farm he had bought in Bessarabia. Zolotoiskatel was spoiled. . . . But he had been a fine horse — the slowest horse in the world!'

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A DISMAL DICKENS

BY E. B. OSBORN

[*This essay by the literary editor of the* Morning Post, *is based on a new book,* George Gissing: An Appreciation, *by Miss May Yates.*]

From the *Morning Post, October* 6
(TORY DAILY)

GEORGE GISSING has been called the earliest of our realists in fiction, but his most realistic novel has a sentence of Renan prefixed to it which confutes the theory of literary realism: *La peinture d'un fumier est peut-être justifiée pourvu qu'il y pousse une belle fleur; sans cela le fumier n'est que repoussant.* In the art of prose presentation, no doubt, he learned much from the practice of the French realists, yet he grows flowers of personality — or at any rate green, complicated cabbages — in the dreariest of his scenes, and at the worst he is a moralist in the Hogarthian manner. His imagination was profoundly affected by the London of Dickens, and in some respects he was that great good-humorist's disciple; though he could not, like his master, turn vulgarity to a magical merriment and discover types of a rich and lovable humanity in the lowest circles of the sorry-go-round of street life.

Dickens had the sun for a heart, and its level, far-reaching beams — the low light that makes the color — touched humble toilers with a glad illumination and brought out the quaint, unconquerable charm of the human nature that is common to us all. But Gissing, who was a lover of beauty rather than truth, secretly convinced that the road to happiness lay through pleasure, loathed the lower middle-class environment in which his early misfortunes had compelled him to exist, and imputed a misery to its inhabitants of which they themselves were quite unconscious.

It was gloom from within, bred of a deep sense of humiliation and disappointment with his lot, which made his London as dreary to the mind's eye and as hopeless as Thomson's City of Dreadful Night.

His early life, at any rate up to 1882, when a literary success-of-esteem put him beyond the reach of privation, was wretched to a degree. At school and at Owens College, where he worked with furious energy, he seemed destined for a safe career in the educational world. He would have been happy as a pedagogue, happier still as a Fellow of some quiet little college, for he loved books as women love flowers, and he had an inborn instinct for classical learning which, in his novels, saves him at all times from slovenly thinking and slipshod writing.

This instinct, as you may see in his joyous travel-book, *By the Ionian Sea*, flamed up in a long ecstasy when he visited Italy, and sought at Taranto (though vainly) Horace's *dulce Galæsi flumen*, and found in the ruined temple at Metapontum a symbol of 'the pathos of immemorial desolation,' and, being enraptured and removed from his dead years by the vision of antiquity, declared: 'To-day seems an unreality, an idle impertinence; the real was that

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long-buried past which gave its meaning to all about me, touching the night with infinite pathos.'

His academic dream soon faded in the days of his eager, passionate youth. He was instinct with passion; as is easily understood from such passages in his novels as that in which Cecily Doran — brought up like Richard Feverel, on a system — and Reuben Elgar meet in the ruins of Pompeii: 'And before the winged syllables had ceased, their eyes met: nor their eyes alone, for upon both was the constraint of passion that leaps like flame to its desire — mouth to mouth and heart to heart for one instant that concentrated all the joy of being.'

But it was this very flame which scorched the wings of youthful ambition, forced him into an evil marriage and petty pilfering, and compelled him to take refuge in London, where he experienced the dismal poverty and squalid wretchedness which he depicts in many of his novels. He had to live in front cellars, lit through a flat grating in the street above: the extra sixpence for a back bedroom on the top floor meant the sacrifice of a couple of meals. He had no amusements, no friends.

Yet he had the hardihood to remain an artist, laboriously perfecting his style; he would not condescend to journalism. And, like Thomas Hardy, his hard thinking on an empty stomach convinced him that thought is a disease of the flesh — that 'he who pursues the things of the mind with passion, who turns impatiently from all common interests or cares which encroach upon his sacred time, who is haunted by a sense of the infinity of thought and learning,' can never know the joy of fine health.

What wonder that the gloom in his soul darkened the aspects of Lambeth, Hoxton, Islington, and Camberwell, the tangles of mean streets which are the favorite settings of his sad dramas! Here is his description of the Caledonian Road: —

> Caledonian Road is a great channel of traffic running directly north from King's Cross to Holloway. It is doubtful whether London can show any thoroughfare of importance more offensive to eye, ear, and nostril. You stand at the entrance to it, and gaze into the region of supreme ugliness; every house front is marked with meanness and inveterate grime; every shop seems breaking forth with mould or dry rot; the people who walk here appear one and all to be employed in labor that soils body and spirit.
>
> Journey on the top of a tramcar from King's Cross to Holloway, and civilization has taught you its ultimate achievement in ignoble hideousness. You look off into narrow side-channels where unconscious degradation has made its inexpugnable home and sits veiled with refuse. You pass above lines of railway which cleave the region with black-breathing fissure. You see the pavements half occupied with the paltriest and most sordid wares; the sign of the pawnbroker is on every hand; the public houses look and reek more intolerably than in other places. The population is dense; the poverty is undisguised. All this northward-bearing tract, between Camden Town on the one hand and Islington on the other, is the valley of the shadow of the vilest servitude.

But try to imagine what Dickens would have seen and heard there — what abundance of ragged roisterers, what quaint chaff and counter-chaff, what joyous chaffering in the famous market, what beautiful children dancing to the music of barrel-organs, what pairings-off of happy lovers translated into a privy heaven, what light and delight welling up from hearts contented with such a very little!

There is, after all, as much happiness in the Caledonian Road as in Bond Street or Piccadilly. Often and often I have walked along the Caledonian Road and been one of the crowd, doffing

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those lendings of respectability which are like uncomfortably high collars and tight, squeaking boots, and felt as happy as anybody else there.

Still, as the authoress of an admirable appreciation of Gissing which has just been published proves beyond doubt, there is idealism and to spare in the dramas staged in these gloomy settings. His men are created out of himself; they are pessimists, with the chill of penury in their very bones. Their tragedy is not to be frustrated and die, but to be frustrated and live. Yet, in going on living in the squalid culs-de-sac in which their creator interns them they show a stoical endurance which is truly heroic.

And one and all, from first to last, are idealists where women are concerned. To them, as to Gissing himself, woman is a civilizing, an ennobling, yet a conservative force — 'the natural safeguard of traditions that have an abiding value.' Yet Gissing's women — including even the incomparable Thyrza, his dream-woman — never really become bundles of attributes, and at least half a dozen of them are living, breathing creatures, the emancipated types and the real workers (like Rhoda Nunn) being especially beguiling. His gallery of fair women, unafraid in their spiritual altogether, is as well worth visiting as Meredith's or even Hardy's.

DARWINISM — NEW AND OLD

From the *Morning Post, September* 25
(Tory Daily)

Time and again, during the last few years, we have been solemnly assured that Darwin's theory of natural selection is either dead or worthless. And such pronouncements are commonly followed by the exposition of a new theory which really does succeed where Darwin so hopelessly failed.

The latest of these substitutes was submitted the other day to the criticism of that august body, the British Association. Its career is already ended! Briefly, the keystone of the new theory has been fashioned out of a few well-known facts derived from the geographical distribution of plants and animals, and even these are distorted. But how, in any case, they can be seriously regarded as affording a substitute for the theory of natural selection it is impossible to conceive.

A survey of the criticisms passed on the natural selection theory will show that it has been either willfully misrepresented or woefully misunderstood. A careful study of this theory seems to show that most of Darwin's critics have taken his use of the word 'species' too literally, more especially having regard to the fine distinctions which differentiate species among systematists today. By substituting the word 'forms' or 'types' much confusion of thought would be avoided.

It is absurd, say the critics, to contend that the slight differences which enable us to distinguish between closely allied species can have been brought into being only by natural selection. It is, indeed. But Darwin would have been the first to point this out. Indeed, in the *Origin of Species* he remarks:

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'Variations neither useful nor injurious would not be affected by natural selection (that is to say, variations of a purely neutral character), and would be left a fluctuating element, as perhaps we see in species called polymorphic.'

Throughout the *Origin*, it will be noted, he uses the term 'species' broadly. Not as between, say, Grant's and Burchell's zebras, but as between zebras represented by many species and the wild asses; not as between the haddock and the whiting, but as between these and the sole. He would not have contended that the whiting and the haddock owed their differences one to another to natural selection; nor would he have insisted that the remarkable and eccentric form of the sole was due to this selection.

But he would have contended that these several unlike forms had each in their own way run the gauntlet of natural selection in regard to characters which have a life-saving value. When the sole — in common with other flatfish — began to assume its present most remarkable adult form, in which the right and left sides have come to assume the relations of the dorsum and venter of normal fishes, those individuals that tended to produce a protectively colored upper and a white under surface secured a 'place in the sun,' while those that failed in this respect were weeded out by natural selection: that is to say, they were eaten by ground-feeding carnivorous fishes of various kinds, leaving only the protectively colored species to continue the race.

Idiosyncrasies of growth, in short, are not to be accounted for by natural selection. The peacock and the argus pheasant may be taken as instances in point. The long train of the one and the enormous, hypertrophied wing-quills of the other have come into being, not because of, but rather in spite of, natural selection. Sustained flight, in the case of either of these birds, would be impossible. They could never have acquired these extravagant ornaments but for the fact that they have practically no enemies, an abundant and constant food-supply always at hand, and an equable climate; hence, long flights are unnecessary.

Thus, then, the theory of natural selection is not concerned with the 'origin' of variations, but only with their survival. The several parts of an organism — skeletal, nervous, vascular, respiratory, and so on — are all so many extremely variable entities, and the survival of the organism as a whole depends on the establishment and maintenance of harmony between them.

In like manner the organism as a whole has to establish and maintain harmony with the external world, animate and inanimate. It must succeed in evading enemies and undue competition for food, and it must succeed in reproducing its kind in sufficient numbers to make good the ravages of death. If it can adjust itself to these primary needs it is free, so to speak, to develop and elaborate any idiosyncrasy of development which its inherently variable nature may set going.

New variations are free to go on increasing in amplitude until at last they come within the jurisdiction of natural selection. Either because, by their excess, they hamper the individual in its struggle for existence, or because they disorganize the internal harmony of the body, the result is the same — the extinction of this particular variation or combination of variations.

On the other hand the variation may be of a kind such as will give its possessor an advantage over its fellows, or enable it to occupy some hitherto unfilled niche. In this case the posses-

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sors of such a variation will enlarge their hold on life.

The variations which have given rise to what we call 'species' are, then, not to be ascribed to natural selection, which creates neither new characters nor new species.

It determines, or controls, the shapes, and sizes, and colors of an animal, for example, only in so far as the balancing of these with the conditions of existence is concerned. Hence the infinite variety which confronts us when we survey the animal or the vegetable kingdoms.

Variation precedes selection. Incipient variations are untouched by selection: they do not enter into the schemes of systematists. Not until they have passed the censorship of selection do they become material for the use of the systematist.

It is in this wide and general sense that natural selection is to be regarded as responsible, so to speak, for the origin of new types. Natural selection determines, as Darwin has it, the 'survival of the fittest' in the struggle for existence. And it is a mistake to regard the term 'fittest' in the sense of 'best' from the human standpoint. A tapeworm is as much the product of evolution as the tiger in whose intestines it flourishes.

This struggle begins with the several parts of the organism itself, be it tiger or tapeworm. As and when this adjustment is perfected, then, and not till then, begins the further struggle with the world external to itself. Natural selection is the arbiter of both. It creates neither.

Darwin's theory, then, of the 'origin of species by natural selection' has been largely misinterpreted because the term 'species' has been regarded in too narrow a sense. According to the standards set up by the systematists of to-day, it often requires an expert to distinguish the differences between two closely related species. These differences may have nothing to do with selection, as Darwin himself points out. He used the term 'species' rather in the sense that we use the terms 'genera' and 'families,' and even 'orders' — that is to say, in a collective sense. Regarded in this light, his conception of the 'origin of species' should leap to the eyes.

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A PAGE OF VERSE

SHELDONIAN SOLILOQUY

(DURING BACH'S *B-minor Mass*)

[*The Sheldonian Theatre is the chief auditorium of Oxford University.*]

BY 'CYPRINOID'

[*The Nation and the Athenæum*]

My music-loving Self this afternoon
(Clothed in the gilded surname of S——n)
Squats in the packed Sheldonian and observes
An intellectual beehive perched and seated
In achromatic and expectant curves
Of buzzing, sunbeam-flecked, and overheated
Accommodation. Skins perspire — But hark!
Begins the great *B-minor Mass* of Bach.

The choir sings *Gloria in excelsis Deo*
With confident and well-conducted brio.
Outside, a motor-bike makes impious clatter,
Impinging on our eighteenth-century trammels.
God's periwigged: He takes a pinch of snuff.
The music's half-rococo. . . . Does it matter
While these intense musicians shout the stuff
In Catholic Latin to the cultured mammals
Who agitate the pages of their scores?

Meanwhile, in Oxford sunshine out of doors,
Birds in collegiate gardens rhapsodize
Antediluvian airs of worm-thanksgiving.
To them the austere and buried Bach replies
With song that from ecclesiasmus cries
Eternal *Resurrexit* to the living.
Hosanna in excelsis chants the choir
In pious contrapuntal jubilee.
Hosanna shrill the birds in sunset fire.
And *Benedictus* sings my heart to Me.

OLD MAN JOBLING

A Catch for Singing

BY WILFRID GIBSON

[*Spectator*]

Old man, old man, whither are you hobbling?
Old man Jobling, whither are you going —
Battered hat and tattered coat and clogs in want of cobbling —
And the snell wind lowing and the mirk lift snowing?

Young man Catchieside, and if I go a-fairing,
Who 's declaring I 'm too old for going —
Dressed in Sunday-best and all: and why should I be caring
For the snell wind lowing and the mirk lift snowing?

Ay, but what will come of you as drifts get deep and deeper —
Steep roads steeper, and your shanks too numb for going?
Happen I shall nap — I was ever a good sleeper
With the snell wind lowing and the mirk lift snowing.

Deep will be your sleep — It 's truth you are declaring —
After fairing, whichever way we 're going,
Deep will be the sleep of all; so why should we be caring
For the snell wind lowing and the mirk lift snowing?

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LIFE, LETTERS, AND THE ARTS

NATIONALISM IN SOUTH AMERICAN LITERATURE

SEÑOR MANUEL UGARTE, well known in the Argentine and throughout South America as author and critic, undertakes to solve, in the pages of *La Revue de l'Amérique Latine*, the most obvious and yet the most difficult question in South American literature. Why are all South American books so clearly derivative? Why is there no distinct national note — 'regional,' as the French call it — in the literature of a whole great continent, abounding with picturesque life and set amid surroundings unlike any other in the world?

Señor Ugarte may justly claim respectful hearing when he discusses the life or the literature of the Southern Continent. Still a young man, a socialist, and a strong advocate of a union of the Spanish-American States, — a union that he hopes to see take place without imperialism and without the aggrandizement of one State at the expense of another, — he commands the attention of a large circle of readers. He asks his question frankly.

Why is there no characteristic flavor of the soil in South American literature? The surroundings seem to favor the creative worker. There is no dearth of subjects. The picturesque incidents of innumerable revolutions, plots, counterplots, the life of the Mexican oil country, the daily round in a great modern capital like Buenos Aires, the struggles of rubber-gatherers in the Brazilian forests, the adventures of the Gauchos of the pampas and of Patagonia — surely the raw stuff of literature is plentifully at hand. This very country has offered inspiration to at least two of the great writers of our day — Joseph Conrad and W. H. Hudson. If a Pole and an Englishman can be moved to write of South America in such books as *Nostromo*, *Idle Days in Patagonia*, or *Far Away and Long Ago*, why not Argentines and Brazilians, Chileans and Nicaraguans?

Not that the number of writers in South America is small. Poets, journalists, unsuccessful novelists abound on every hand, but their writing is derivative. Even such poets as Ruben Dario, the Nicaraguan, and Amado Nervo, the Mexican, have not been able to shake altogether free from European shackles; yet while the South Americans have gone on with their imitation, North America — after a longer imitative period than is pleasant to admit — seems to have found its way at length to a distinctive tone of its own.

Señor Ugarte has numerous reasons to advance: —

> It is possible to comprehend this state of affairs only by examining the situation in which a literary man finds himself in Latin America, where the writer has not yet won the place that is rightly his, where the man of letters is often able to maintain himself only by devoting his energies to journalism, where politics and business swallow all the talent, and where activity, both harmful and productive, exhausts thought. In the pursuit of power or the quest for fortune, nothing is left to the intellectual save the modest rôle of an auxiliary to more overmastering powers — which costs him both his initiative and his independence.

Señor Ugarte's reasoning at this point may not altogether satisfy Yankee readers. An overmastering passion for business (politics is another matter) and a pitiless activity — these are not quite in the picture that we ordinarily

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draw of our South American neighbors; and even granting their existence — which may be done the more readily since Señor Ugarte is an Argentine — they are certainly no more threatening to the life intellectual in South America than they are in the United States. Whatever certain European and American critics may have to say, Señor Ugarte is willing enough to admit that 'North America has succeeded, in about the same period, in creating a literature with a stamp of its own.'

But he has other reasons for the failure of the South Americans. One is the extraordinary difficulty that attends the way of the literary pioneer. 'What dexterity and suppleness it requires to avoid an irreparable crash against established prejudices, vanities, powerful interests.' In other words, the moulds of habit are setting firmly, and the effort for freedom grows harder and harder. The most representative writers, men like Dario, Nervo, Carrillo, Garcia Calderon, or Blanco Fombona, have — often for political reasons — been compelled to live abroad for long periods, and as a result 'Paris has always been the literary centre of Latin America.' Influenced by their European surroundings, the Latin Americans have written, and some of them have written well, but their work has had no roots in their own countries and has not fostered the growth of a 'regional' literature there.

True to his vision of a broader union among the States of South America, Señor Ugarte points out that, if the Latin writers are ever to turn from their European models, they must have a single regional literature rather than diverse national literatures as their goal. There are too many countries in South America for numerous national schools; a literature which shall be characteristically Latin American is the legitimate goal.

DEVIL DANCES OF TIBET

When the second Mt. Everest expedition returned from its assault on the as yet unconquered mountain, Captain J. B. Noel, one of its members, was sent by the leader, General Bruce, to Gyantze Dzong to establish a base for developing the moving-picture films of the expedition and also to make films of Tibetan life.

Gyantze is one of the only three cities in Tibet, the dwelling of numerous lamas, and protected by a battlement a mile in circumference. Here Captain Noel had opportunities seldom vouchsafed to an Occidental, both to observe and to photograph the life of the country. He writes in the *Times:* —

> The most interesting object in the Temple is the main idol in the inner shrine. This fantastic image, with its golden, bejeweled face and its huge body of sheet brass, as it sits cross-legged and Buddha-like, measures fifteen feet in height. In the portico of the Temple is painted on the wall one of the oldest original specimens of that most ingenious invention of Buddhism — the Wheel of Life. But in the darkness it is difficult to see it and to distinguish all the pranks and contortions of the spirits that wander in its heavens and in its hells. Above the Wheel of Life hang four mummied yaks, rotten with age. They have guarded the Temple entrance from evil spirits for centuries past.

Captain Noel thus describes the devil dances which have long been famous, though imperfectly understood by foreigners: —

> A subject, however, that provided a most interesting moving picture was the lama devil-dancing at Tenjelin Monastery, near Gyantze. Once a year it is the custom of the lamas to hold these dance festivals, in order to acquaint and familiarize the populace with the gods and the demons of the Lamaist mythology which they will see and meet when they die. The lamas, dressed in beautiful Chinese silks and wearing fantastic

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masks, dance to the character of the different gods and demons. They wear aprons of human bones; and they carry a ceremonial scarf (*Khada*) in one hand and a drum made from a human skull in the other.

A weird, deep, droning, monotonous music from thigh-bone trumpets, conch shells, drums, and clashing cymbals accompanies the dance. The head lama presides, sitting the whole day long, Buddha-like, on his throne; and the populace, in their gala dress, sit around awe-inspired, wondering, chattering, and drinking the eternal tea.

*

PSYCHOANALYSTS, AVAUNT!

PERHAPS it would be only fair to draw a distinction between genuine students of psychoanalysis and the hosts of dilettantes and dabblers who style themselves 'psychoanalysts,' but Sir Clifford Allbutt, a distinguished British physician, included them all in sweeping condemnation in his speech at the opening of St. George's Hospital Medical School, London. His attack had two main points: first, psychoanalysis is not new; second, it is not true — or at any rate it is not scientific, which is popularly supposed to be the same thing.

In pointing out that the methods and aims of the psychoanalyst and those of the priest in the confessional are not altogether unlike, Sir Clifford is but following the way blazed for him by a number of religious writers of undisputed orthodoxy, who are careful, however, also to point out obvious differences both in object and procedure. As an expression of purely scientific opinion, however, Sir Clifford's remarks are worth quoting: —

> This so-called psychoanalysis is no new thing. For many a century it has been known in the churches both in theory and practice as confession and casuistry. One implies the other, and broadly speaking, beneficent as it may have been, and still may be, its value in particular cases has been condemned by the honor, good feeling, purity, and common sense of mankind.

Even more striking are his comments on the claims of psychoanalysis to rank as a science: —

> The so-called psychoanalysis has no units, no measurements, no controls, no precise definition, no separation of objective and subjective evidence. . . . It is one of the misfortunes of science, as it is of social adventure, that every new point of view as soon as revealed in part is mobbed by a crowd of half-educated thinkers, among whom fanatics and impostors find many dupes. Nay, even pickpockets are now appealing to their judges to regard their cases from the psychological point of view. It is the fashion at present to be analyzing everything and even to forget that science has no concern with value. They are quite ready to analyze a 'dungheap.'

Suggestions that psychoanalytic methods may have a useful place in the schools have led to a great deal of discussion in British educational circles of late and there has been much protest against the proposal, as well as some favorable comment. Against this programme Sir Clifford turns a flinty face.

*

BRUTAL MR. NEWMAN

THE worm — even when he is musical critic — has a well-known custom of turning, and when either worm or critic does turn, look out for him — especially the critic. Mr. Ernest Newman is a well-known English writer, whose articles on music appear frequently in the *Manchester Guardian* and other newspapers. For a critic Mr. Newman is a mild man. He can speak his mind when need is; but if anything good is to be said for either singer, player, or composer, Mr. Newman is pretty likely to say it.

Judge, then, of the enormity of the

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long-accumulated offenses that must have preceded this outburst: —

When I saw a letter headed 'Drowning the Singers' in a newspaper the other day, my heart gave a joyful leap. 'Ah,' I said to myself, 'justice has been done at last.'

I have always advocated doing with singers what we do with puppies and kittens, and ought to do with twins and triplets — keep the best of the litter and drown the others; and I thought that at last the community had come round to my way of thinking. But this hope was soon dashed: I found that all the correspondent meant was that at the Promenade Concerts on Monday, in the scenes from the Wagner opera, the orchestra sometimes drowned the singers in a merely metaphorical sense. He seemed to regard this as a calamity; there are cynics in the world who would sometimes look upon it as a blessing.

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A RELENTLESS REVIEWER

BEFORE its all too brief career ended in a merger with the *Beacon*, the London monthly, *Looking Forward*, used to print a column headed 'Relentless Reviews.' The watchful editors must have scanned every magazine in the British Isles, for they contrived to collect into that little corner of the page more treble-distilled critical venom than the average good-natured man would believe existed in the whole wide world.

It is too bad *Looking Forward* is no more, for almost anybody — except the poor author — is wicked enough to enjoy a 'relentless review,' without troubling to consider the merits of the case; and 'F. B.' has just written a particularly good example for the *New Statesman*, which would fit beautifully into such a column.

It is not particularly easy to agree with 'F. B.' But — alas for human nature! — it is impossible not to enjoy the ferocious will-to-wound with which he makes his assault. Mr. Hendrik Van Loon's *Story of Mankind* is the victim. The kinder passages are all omitted, for fear of spoiling the first fine careless rapture of the critic's fury: —

Out go all the facts, all the long words, all the dates, all the labor of scholars and the strivings of centuries. Instead we get a little chitchat about the Greek theatre, the Roman provinces, the Papacy, Humanism, and the Revolution. A gentle trickle of easy generalization flows through the sleepy brain.

An amazing feature of this amazing book is the incredible illustrations that decorate the pages, and are the sort of stuff that is usually scribbled on the blotting pad by somebody thinking of something else. Those curious in such matters might turn to the two scrawls called 'Hannibal Crosses the Alps' and 'Cæsar Goes West.' They have a certain pathological importance, and reach, it may be safely said, a deeper point of imbecility than has ever yet appeared in any book, or even in any picture.

It is perhaps optimistic to hope that this book will not repeat in England its American success. It is impossible to imagine a more ghastly tribute to the intellectual deliquescence of a nation. The publisher, however, is to be congratulated; 492 large pages, enlivened with 'over 140 black-and-white illustrations, 9 four-color pages, numerous animated maps and half-tone pictures, and an Animated Chronology of the History of the World, done by the author,' is devilish cheap at 12*s*. 6*d*. And this time perhaps we really have reached rock bottom.

The last sentence is a reference — not intended to be flattering — to Mr. Wells's historical endeavors. . . . And yet, there *are* a good many of us who find both books good reading. The conclusion — on 'F. B.'s' premises — is too obvious and too dreadful to state. Our minds must be in a sorry way.

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BOOKS ABROAD

The King, by Karl Rosner. Translated by Agnes Blake. With an Introduction by Viscount Haldane. London: Methuen, 1922. 7*s.* 6*d.*

[*Times*]

THE King of this German novel, or fictional study, is William II, now the ex-Kaiser. Lord Haldane suggests that what has made it so generally popular is that the German people seem to have recognized in the picture painted by Rosner a portrait which is for them true to life. On this point, though we lack conviction, we cannot deny. Nor can it be assumed that the popularity of the book denotes sympathy with its subject. Anyhow, the King is drawn as a comprehensible human being, but as an indifferent leader of men.

There is no narrative. If the events can be said to move at all, it is only from hope of success to assurance of failure. The King has come to the Front in the decisive days of the summer of 1918 to see the dealing of the blow prepared by his war chiefs. He watches it from a lofty wooden tower, where the suspicion grows ever greater in his mind that he has been stationed there to be out of the way — that he himself is exercising no influence over the course of events.

From the conversation and behavior of the officers around him we discover how true this suspicion is. While the King is terribly in earnest, their preoccupations are trivial. 'Perhaps you can tell me, dear boy,' says one of them, 'when our Supreme Lord is likely to have had enough of this film?' Another remarks on the military prospect, 'We are victorious . . . in these momentous times we are always "victorious" . . . and we shall continue to be so — till we 've been done for.' They are cynical, frivolous, while he is tormented. They play cards while he is thinking, dreaming, facing the tragic end, dwelling on the lives lost and the purpose missed.

It cannot but impress a careful reader. But it is heavy, monotonous, and too prolonged. Rosner has a vision, but an imperfect one. He tells us that such and such a man was this King; he does not compel us to believe. Perhaps only a Tolstoi could have done that.

England under Edward VII, by J. A. Farrer. London: George Allen & Unwin, 1922. 7*s.* 6*d.*

[Esmé Wingfield-Stratford in the *Beacon*]

ALMOST entirely devoted to elucidating the origins of the Great War. England and Germany, according to this view, need never have fought, but the efforts of statesmen like Prince Bülow to preserve the peace were overborne by those hate- and panic-mongers on both sides. Those whom the gods wish to destroy they first make mad. Mr. Farrer makes what seems to us the doubtful assumption that Edward VII conducted his own foreign policy, a fatal policy of hostility to Germany, and camouflaged military alliance with France. One is reminded of the Kaiser's cry of despair on our declaration of war: 'Edward VII, though dead, is stronger than I am!'

The Argentine Republic — Its Development and Progress, by Pierre Denis. London: Fisher Unwin, 1922. 21*s.*

[*Spectator*]

The Argentine Republic — Its Development and Progress, by Mr. Pierre Denis, appears translated from the French as an informative book full of statistics that will be useful to men of business and prospective emigrants. The metric system of the original has been retained in the translation. It is, of course, one of the unnecessary barriers between the conservative Englishman, with his yard, pound, and quart, and business success in South America. The description of Patagonia as 'a semiarid region with a subdesert climate' is not enticing, though a considerable Welsh colony contrives to subsist there.

Principles of Orchestration, by Nicholas Rimski-Korsakov. Edited by Maximilian Steinberg. English Translation by Edward Agate. London: Russian Music Agency. Part I, 17*s.* 6*d.* Part II, Musical Illustrations, 17*s.* 6*d.*

[*Manchester Guardian*]

MR. EDWARD AGATE has performed an act of friendship to the British student of composition by his translation of the treatise on orchestration by Rimski-Korsakov. The Russian master's works are a sufficient certificate that the treatise must be valuable; and if his works were not, the fame of his pupils would be an equal assurance. So brilliant are his works, considered in the special aspect of their orchestration, that it will be considered no drawback that the volume of examples which illustrates the master's 'principles' of orchestration are drawn wholly from his own works.

Yet if the student comes to this book hoping to find a mere specialist's guide to orchestration he will be justly disappointed. The lesson of the book is written all over it — that there can be no good orchestration without good writing, and that in the severest sense of these words. The

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writer was so fastidious of his task that though it was constantly in his mind, and he returned again and again to it, he left it unfinished — it had to be prepared for the press after his death by the hand of a pupil, Maximilian Steinberg.

The Hundred and One Harlequins, by Sacheverell Sitwell. London: Grant Richards, 1922. 6*s*.

[*Times*]

SOME of this poetry is passing strange: —

The gentle, loving unicorn
Will never eat the grass —
All bushes have too many thorns,
Their leaves are made of brass.
His horn is given to him to take
The soft fruit from the trees.
'Please grasp my horn and roughly shake,
O nymph, among those leaves,
This pear transfixed upon my horn;
I cannot reach' — beyond the brim;
Clutched at; she misses; it has gone.
'Alas! You 've got it!' 'I can't swim.'

That is rightly described as a 'Fable.' Mr. Sitwell's world is well stocked with the fabulous. We see it as a kind of compound, for unicorns, halcyons, satyrs, centaurs, the phœnix, and those lions which eternally glare at unicorns. But that is not all. There are the Harlequins. Dr. Donne and Gargantua are looking about for meteors and mandrakes. The man who built the Pyramids discusses them with William Blake: ladies and gentlemen of the present time occur in effigy.

Once there was a rage for Automatons. There is a sort of clockwork life about Mr. Sitwell's people, in the odd yet realizable scenery which he provides for them. We are not sure whether in another age he might not have spent his leisure in constructing ingenious Giants, such as could be instantly set walking or striking attitudes; so great is his passion for the unreal. But with all this, he is capable of distilling the beauty of sound and of picture, if he will, which is felt but lost so often in the volubility of his book. When, for example, daringly playing upon two famous lines of George Peele's, he writes

All the while He kept his pace
and marched on in the whizzing wind,
I ran behind with feathered feet
and followed him as best I could.

Had I gone quite far enough,
we should have reached to Black-man's land
where ebon faces show out clear
against the brooks and crystal waves,

we follow him with pleasure.

Rossetti and His Circle, by Max Beerbohm. London: Heinemann, 1922. 25*s*.

[*Westminster Gazette*]

IT is becoming a habit with 'Max' to be apologetic — in his prefatory notes. His apologies, certainly, are usually a medium for some new development of his quaint and impish humor, and they add invariably to the attractiveness of the volumes in which they appear. But it is only because he is 'Max' that nobody, instead of taking them as they come and chuckling over them, thinks of asking what he has to apologize for.

In introducing his new volume of drawings, *Rossetti and His Circle*, he deems it necessary to explain his return to the days of the Pre-Raphaelites. 'Perhaps you have never heard of Rossetti,' he suggests. 'But even you, flushed as you are with the pride of youth, must have heard of the Victorian Era.'—

He anticipates the criticism that this is 'rather a ribald book,' and protests that '*on se moque de ce qu'on aime*'; but there is, in fact, no malice in it — only the rather biting wit without which 'Max' could never be quite himself. This is nowhere more conspicuous than in his drawing of the young Pre-Raphaelite Millais gazing with horror at a vision of the Millais of a later period — the prosperous comfortable squire seated in a big armchair with the little 'Cherry Ripe' maiden on his knee.

He shows us Jowett asking Rossetti, 'What were they going to do with the Grail when they found it?' Whistler trying to induce in Carlyle an appreciation of blue china, Holman Hunt patronizing Ford Madox Brown, Coventry Patmore preaching to the Rossettis that 'a teapot is not worshipful for its form and color but as a sublime symbol of domesticity.' In one of his drawings we see Christina flatly declining to wear a Rossetti dress of a Liberty fabric; in another Lord Morley trying to induce Rossetti to supply John Stuart Mill's deficiency 'in warmth, in color, in rich charm'; and in a third Leighton inviting Rossetti to become a candidate for the Royal Academy. Burne-Jones, Swinburne, Meredith, Tennyson, Ruskin, Browning, Hall Caine, and even Sala are given their place in what he calls 'the magic Circle,' and the collection is one of the most thoroughly amusing that 'Max' has yet given us.

✽

BOOKS MENTIONED

YATES, MAY. *George Gissing: An Appreciation.* London: Longmans, 1922. 6*s*.

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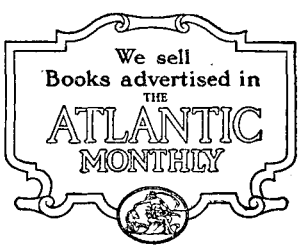
For Christmas

'A Ship of Thought Deep Freighted with Truth and Beauty'

MORE than three hundred years ago when Florence was in the full tide of that gorgeous age which will forever englamour its name in glory, a certain elderly churchman, Fra Giovanni, sent a basket of fruit as a Christmas gift to 'The Most Illustrious, the Contessina Allagia degli Aldobrandeschi.' The gift was transitory but it was accompanied by a greeting so augustly phrased and so laden with truth that it has been relayed through the succeeding centuries. A fragment: 'Life is so full of meaning and of purpose, so full of beauty: beneath its covering: that you will find earth but cloaks your heaven. Courage, then, to claim it: that is all! But courage you have; and the knowledge that we are pilgrims together, wending home through unknown country.' The first might have been sent by anyone. The message made that Christmas memorable in the life of the 'Contessina' and could have come from but one.

And so with a book. It is, in a sense, a message for its careful selection implies a personal attention, an expenditure of time and thought rather than of mere money alone, which renders it a peculiarly appropriate Christmas gift. If judiciously chosen, it ensures hours of pleasure for the recipient: it can conceivably be interpreted as a form of delicate flattery depending, of course, upon its title, and as it will never be thrown aside, it will serve for years as a reminder of the donor's thoughtfulness.



'Next to acquiring good friends the best acquisition is that of good books.' — Colton.

Very often the gift of a book has exerted a potent influence upon a life. 'In every man's memory,' said Emerson, 'with the hours when life culminated are usually associated certain books which met his views,' and George MacDonald wrote that 'as you grow ready for it, somewhere or other you will find what is needful for you in a book.' It was the gift of a volume of Emerson's essays to Frank Harris when he was a struggling lawyer in a Kansas 'Gopher Prairie' which profoundly affected his entire career. He read 'Self Reliance' one evening: next morning sold his few belongings and found himself a month later in Europe.

'Books are the legacies that genius leaves to mankind,' said Addison, 'to be delivered down from generation to generation, as presents to the posterity of those that are yet unborn.' And it was Theodore Parker who wrote, 'A great book that comes from a great thinker is a ship of thought, deep freighted with truth and with beauty.'

As a Christmas gift a book has also the advantage of carrying almost no financial connotations. The thought of money seems as remote from a book as from a song, a flower or a beautiful sunset.

Books advertised in the *Atlantic* are likely to comprise suitable gifts for friends of *Atlantic* readers and a convenient method of selecting them is to run through our advertising section, jotting down in pencil against each appropriate title the names of the prospective recipients. It is then a simple matter to tear out the pages and the next time you are down town drop into a book shop, displaying the reproduced device. All booksellers carrying volumes advertised in our pages feature this insignia.

Elsewhere in his message, the old Florentine priest wrote apropos of the gift from his garden: 'Would that the peace of Heaven might reach you through such things of earth.' In giving books you can be the donor of what you will: from a few hours of recreation to the veritable 'peace of Heaven.'

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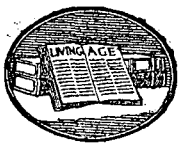

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